Aug. 24, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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Evening gowns in the new silhouette for Fall range in price from $39.50 to $295 in misses' dresses, third floor.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 31. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild sponsors an unpretentious but very enjoyable light comedy from the Czechoslovakian. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Comedy of small-town life crowded with amusing character and incident. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore as a charming divorcée who encounters her philandering ex-husband at a Westchester houseparty. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Summer revue with pretty girls and questionable humor. Will Mahoney and the antics of The Three Sailors are particularly recommended. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—A lively show about love and golf, with some of the best music, comedy, and dancing in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Another good one. Love and fisticuffs in a well-paced production. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—An all-colored revue, half of which is a knockout, and the other half fair to middling. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. Special performance Tues. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, spirited, intimate revue, notable for its humor and a cast which includes Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC—Marvellous to look at and fairly entertaining. Trixie Friganza and Jimmy Savo are in it. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—A rough, jolly revue featuring Ted Healy. Nearer the Shubert office than the Adriatic. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—Notable for the wild comedy of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, and so beautifully put on by Ziegfeld that you can forget the dull book and weak Gershwin score. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave., at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

WHOOPEE—Ziegfeld sumptuousness leavened by Eddie Cantor. One of the best. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—Dion Boucicault's veteran melodrama, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," played just as it was fifty years ago, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—John Charles Thomas, Lou Holtz, and Eva Puck and Sam White will be at the Palace Fri., Aug. 23. Jack Donahue will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Aug. 24. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

OPENING OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

GAMBLING—A new comedy by and with George M. Cohan. Opens Mon., Aug. 26. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:50 P.M.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dancing during dinner in a pleasant Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Strikingly decorated by Joseph Urban; dancing during dinner and after the theatre to Leo Reisman's orchestras.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Dinner and supper dancing. Rudy Vallée appears Aug. 24 for the last time until Oct. 19. Emil Coleman and his orchestra will open here Aug. 25.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), redecorated as a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), a magnificent view and Vincent Lopez music; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), a fine view of the harbor. . . . Other roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, isn't a roof, but is usually cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the night clubs of this type staying open through the summer: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with a roof that slides back on hot nights. . . . Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, where you will find Frances Williams and Jack Smith entertaining.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—The Russian Art, 181 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

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JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—A few of the better-known roadhouses within an hour's drive of Times Square are: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, dancing and refreshments on the terrace; open until 2

(Continued on page 4)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 27, August 24, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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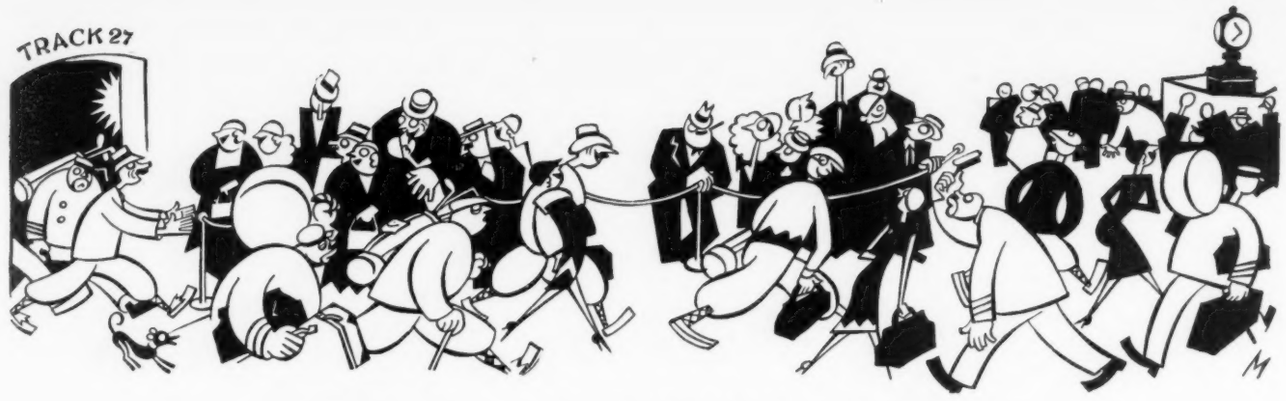

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 31. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 2)

A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., good food and Arnold Johnson's orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pelham Heath Inn, Pelham P'kway, Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan's summer home; open all night. . . . Coney Island tourists might try: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

THE COCK EYED WORLD—The marines of "What Price Glory" at it again in a comedy which is funny even when not quite nice. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE DANCE OF LIFE—The movie version, resplendent and effective, of the play "Burlesque," with Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—Worth while for a few fine African scenes. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—A full-sized musical show with half of Hollywood in the cast. A bit overwhelming, but entertaining. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—High comedy with Norma Shearer as the smart young second-story girl. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat., Aug. 31; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU—The familiar thrillers filmed at last. Plenty of excitement, though slowed up by the talking effects. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:45 A.M.)

NIGHT CLUB—From Katharine Brush's story. Interesting to see if somewhat impossible to hear. (Little Carnegie Playhouse, 146 W. 57; Fri., Aug. 23; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

WONDER OF WOMEN—Tragic story of a musician's wife, especially well acted by Peggy Wood. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 29 and 30; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Alibi," the underworld and its ways expertly and dramatically photographed; "Bulldog Drummond," a diverting tale of various horrors with Ronald Colman as the young hero; "The Greene Murder Case," the second Van Dine mystery to be screened, and better than the book; "Hungarian Rhapsody," silent, intrigue along the banks of the Danube charmingly done.

ART

AMERICANS—Best of the younger group, Kuniyoshi, Blume, Dickinson, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

DECORATION—Summer show of what is called Modern Art, for home use: Contempora Exposition of Art and Industry, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 4 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Some masters of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the best contemporary European and American artists: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MORE MODERNS—Collection of good American and French paintings: G. R. D. Studio, 58 W. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

NOTE—The exhibit of contemporary American decorative art at the Metropolitan Museum will continue until September. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Last week of summer season, Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting; concerts nightly at 8:30 P.M., through Thurs., Aug. 29: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

STARLIGHT OPERA—Free open-air opera, Thurs., Aug. 29, at 8:30 P.M.: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

PACIFIC LITTLE SYMPHONY—Hart conducting: Fri. Afts., Aug. 23 and 30, at 4 P.M., over WEAF.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat. Eves., Aug. 24 and 31, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—"The Ameer," by Victor Herbert: Sun., Aug. 25, at 4 P.M., over WJZ. . . . "Patience," by Gilbert and Sullivan: Wed., Aug. 28, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Sun., Aug. 25, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., Aug. 27, at 9:30 P.M., over WOR.

WILLIAM SIMMONS—Baritone: Sun., Aug. 25, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., Aug. 25, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

POPULAR MUSIC—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra: Tues., Aug. 27, at 9 P.M., over WABC. . . . Vincent Lopez and his orchestra: Thurs., Aug. 29, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri., Aug. 23, at 3:15 P.M., Sat. and Sun., Aug. 24 and 25, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tues. and Wed., Aug. 27 and 28, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Thurs., Aug. 29, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Fri. and Sat., Aug. 30 and 31, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—Al Singer vs. Kid Chocolate, Jack Berg vs. Spug Meyers, and Izzy Grove vs. Harry Ebbets: Polo Gounds, Thurs. Eve., Aug. 29; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

DOG SHOWS—Rhode Island Kennel Club, Newport, R. I., Sat., Aug. 24. . . . North Shore Kennel Club, Smithtown, L. I., Sat., Aug. 31.

HORSE SHOWS—Southampton Riding and Hunt Club Show, Southampton, L. I., Sat., Aug. 24. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club Show, Darien, Conn., Sat., Aug. 24.

POLO—Play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. at 4 P.M. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:24 P.M.)

RACING—Saratoga, N. Y.; races weekdays at 3 P.M., through Sat., Aug. 31. (Last train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:35 A.M.)

SPEED-BOAT RACES—Gold Cup Regatta, on the Shrewsbury River, Red Bank, N. J., Sat. and Sun., Aug. 24 and 25.

TENNIS—Newport Casino Invitation Tournament, Newport, R. I., last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 23 and 24. . . . Matches at West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I.: Women's National Championships, finals, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Aug. 23 and 24; East-West Matches, Sat. Aft., Aug. 31. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 1:11, 1:33, and 2:07 P.M. Additional train Sat. only at 1:41 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: New York Athletic Club, Sat., Aug. 24; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Oyster Bay, Sat., Aug. 31. . . . Ocean City Yacht Club Regatta, Ocean City, N. J., Sat., Aug. 31.

NOTE—Two of the best pools in town are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). There is a pool for women only in the Barbizon, Lexington at 63.

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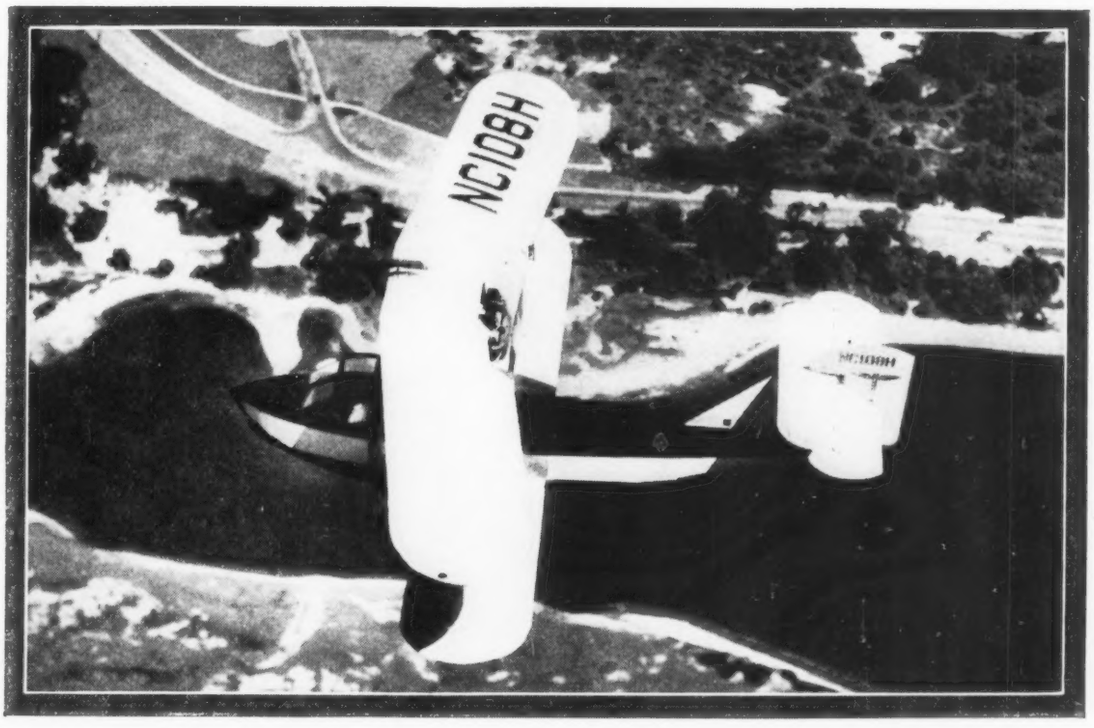

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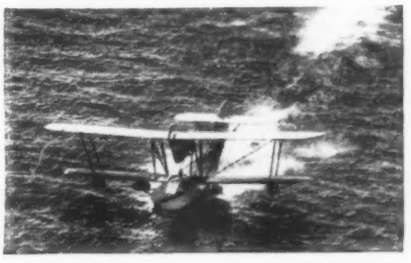

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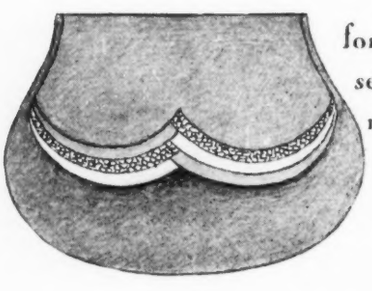

formal tweeds . . . informal velvets . . . this season we have both . . . and this, our newest shoe, in suede with accents of kid and lizard, strikes just the right note in the new scheme . . 18.50

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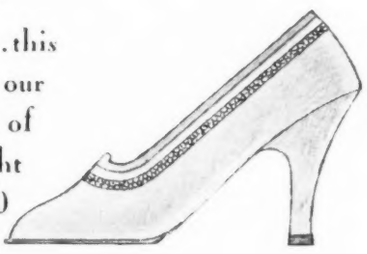

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CHICAGO

AUG 23 1929

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THE NEW YORKER

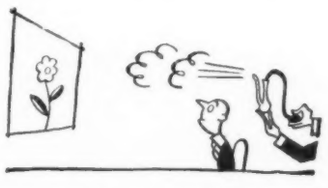
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PROBABLY the most overworked tree on Manhattan Island is the one at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. When we passed the other evening at dusk, a herd of English sparrows, estimated at more than eighty-five birds, was registered there for the night. What a location to catch a wink of sleep! Their lullaby,

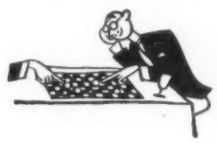
however, drowned the noise of the "L." Squabbling went on in desultory fashion, some limbs apparently being choicer than others. We tried to discover why, and concluded it was because some of them commanded a view of the magazine stand on the corner, displaying those eye-smiting periodicals of the arts and the sexes.

WE have been around a lot, but we were jounced out of our accustomed calm at the Gala Première of "The Hollywood Revue." The "human sign," that array of practically nude young ladies assembled up over the sidewalk to ballyhoo for the picture, first threatened to get us down; but the real test came inside when the



heavy scent of orange blossoms spread through the theatre accompanying a scene showing orange trees in bloom. We have schooled ourselves not to cry out at such happenings, and we didn't this time. We can probably go on not doing so unless movie realism gets around to monkeying with the sense of touch. We couldn't abide being caressed in accompaniment to a love scene, or being mauled and pulled about every time the hero was chevied or jostled. Too ticklish, for one thing.

WELL down on the West Side in a very tranquil restaurant with waiters designed by Daumier, there is a checkerboard. The place has an awning such as bartenders used to extinguish with seltzer bottles, a rudimentary privet hedge in a box, a plump proprietor who waddles like a *poussah*, and a chef who is a chef. Contentment and digestion reign, and no single feature of the place contributes more to its noonday calm than does the checkerboard. The guests, who are mostly regulars, do not talk busi-



ness. Whatever differences they have are settled with the checkerboard; nothing more disturbing than a king's gambit (or whatever it is in checkers) mars the meridian tranquillity. This gives us, whose noons are terrible, an idea; it may be that we will take to carrying a checkerboard to lunch, as a defence against persons who talk business. Perhaps it will set a fashion, to the benefit of American digestion and American business. It may even lead to outdoor restaurants, with croquet courts. Whatever it leads to, it will be an improvement.

INVESTIGATING the story that street beggars make fabulous sums and ride about town at night in limousines, we watched a cripple in Times Square who sold pencils. His receipts in half an hour were seventeen cents. This results in the conclusion that in all probability he does not know a

single chorus girl or own so much as a Ford.

WHETHER or not it is justified, the feeling has grown in us that it is impolite to call a doctor in the night. Country doctors, so we understand, gladly gallop to a bedside at four o'clock in the morning, but city doctors—or so it seems to us—resent any sign of physical weakness in a patient after 6 P.M. The other evening a sudden malady seized us at eleven o'clock, but we refrained from phoning for help because we assumed that at eleven o'clock a doctor would probably be playing bridge. At midnight we were much worse, but remembered that at midnight a doctor is apt to be reading, and would not wish to be disturbed. At one, declining steadily, we lifted the phone but desisted when the thought struck us that at one o'clock a doctor is in bed. At two o'clock, with *rigor mortis* setting in, we conquered fear and phoned a medico. He suggested in a sleepy voice that we take some aspirin and call him in the morning. We did call him in the morning, and quietly shot him as he came through the door.

Hearts and Cars

WE have mentioned before the almost hallowed warehouse of Charles C. Tough in East Seventy-third Street. There, in the same spirit in which Victorians used to stuff favorite pets, owners of fine old carriages

keep them stored. We wept a tear for several, including an ancient coach equipped with wine boxes and silver-belled coaching horns. Now we learn that old automobiles, too, are objects of sentimental attachment. The old cars at Tough's are almost as provocative of sighs as the carriages.

There is an aged Renault, with special body and ornate equipment, which belonged to the late E. L. Giroux. He used to go to Europe frequently and in the early days of the automobile determined to have a car just as elegant as those in which he saw royalty riding about. One of the Renault brothers was a friend of his and turned out for him a car of especially elaborate design. It stands now in tremendous grandeur. In the tonneau are many ornaments of gold, including a vanity-case which cost thirty-five hundred dollars. The handles of the doors are gold swans' necks and heads. It cost, all in all, about twenty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Giroux drove it only some thirteen hundred kilometres, less than a thousand miles, for he died within a year after buying it. The tires look almost new. Out of sentiment his widow, who lives in Pelham, keeps the old Renault stored, at fourteen dollars a month.

Another relic is a twenty-year-old Franklin, which has been at Tough's for nine years. The owner, T. T. Eckert, son of the former president of the Western Union, hasn't been in to see it during those nine years, but he frequently pays for its storage a whole year in advance.

Nothing attracts more attention or is more baffling, even to experts, than a tremendous roomy car which sits in silent gloom. No visitor has yet been able to tell its make without looking at the name on the radiator. It is a Westinghouse. The famous air-brake inventor is not generally known to have built automobiles, but at one time he had about a hundred made at Havre, France. The body of this one, known as a demi-limousine, is the work of the old firm of Demarest & Company. There are oil lamps on the body and the headlights are acetylene. It has been in storage for thirteen years, but Mr. Tough has never seen the owner. He doesn't even know who the owner is. Cheques for storage come mysteriously through Demarest's, but they will not reveal the identity of the gentleman who has a fondness for the decrepit motorcar, further than to say he is a well-known professional man.

There is, too, an outmoded Austrian Daimler, property of Mr. Gilbert C. Browne, the banker. When automobiles were a novelty, he had eleven, of different makes, but this Daimler is the only one for which he had a tender feeling. Mrs. Robert Hoe, widow of the printing-press manufacturer, now in her nineties, still makes out, in her own hand, cheques for the storage of an old machine which she no longer uses. One of the few owners who comes in to look at his cars—he keeps two in storage—is one of the Reeds, of the wealthy Pittsburgh family. His machines are old Locomobiles, painted white.

Epitaph

A Tombstone-Maker in Brooklyn is putting out something pretty catchy. He features an inscription like this:

Erected by
John Smith
in loving memory of
Mary Smith

It has proved to be a good sales-promotion idea.

Inland Sea

Conservatory Lake in the Park, at Seventy-second Street, has recently been drained, for cleaning, but it will be filled up again shortly, to the satisfaction of its habitués who hardly know what to do in the meantime. They are oldish codgers mostly who year in and year out keep their miniature sailing boats bobbing there. The tradition goes back to the nineties. The Whitneys and the Iselins started in there as young men to learn the lore of sails before taking up adult-sized boats. It is not a sport of the wealthy, however. One of the most eminent of the skippers is Charles Fuhrman, who is a blacksmith. He has been rigging and shouting at his boats for twenty-five years. His Carrie F, which he values at three hundred and fifty dollars, is the fastest boat on the pond this year, and won the last official race. Mr. Herman Jaekel's Griff is the largest, measuring six feet in length, with a one-foot beam, and carrying thirty-six pounds of lead to hold down two thousand square inches of sail.

The little boathouse, which has places for a hundred boats, is filled up just now, and there is a waiting list of forty. Most of the skippers build their own boats. In a race, they start them

off, run to the other end of the lake, and start them back again. Few of the sailors know their colleagues' names, usually identifying them by the names of their boats. Herreshoff, builder of international racing ships, regularly sends his cousin to the lake to get new ideas of design from the models in action.

MENTIONING the Park reminds us of something we have been intending to set down for two years. In a few weeks now people will be coming back to town to realize that the grass is greener in the Park than in the country they left, and the leaves too, greener and more numerous. The fact is that the Central Park season lasts two weeks longer than that in the country immediately surrounding the city, and begins two weeks earlier. The reason is the heat of the city; not the body heat of the inhabitants—that is inconsequential—but the warmth of summer which is stored up in buildings, pavements, and cobblestones. In spring it is this plus the heat from buildings with furnaces. This artificial warmth is something of a benefit here, but on the whole it is a nuisance. It keeps suspended over the city at all seasons an enormous cloud of dust from which particles constantly sift, covering everything. The grime on penthouses doesn't descend from the building next door, or one in the next block, but from this cloud two thousand feet or more aloft. The Woolworth Building gets it just as badly as any other structure in town. If you want to see this cloud, you may go over to the Palisades, from which it is clearly visible to the naked eye. At any rate one of the municipal engineers who provided us with the foregoing facts says it is. It contains a vast quantity of dust, many tons of it.

Voice from Above

A MYSTERY which grew up about the Hermann Oelrichs home at Newport this season is readily dispelled. There came to be a legend that the Oelrichses maintained, in the upper regions of their house, a scholar —some said he was an old bearded hermit who spent all his time poring over books, who knew practically everything, and left his room only late at night for silent, meditative strolls in the moonlight, free from interruption. He was kept there, it was said, expressly for the purpose of settling any disputed point which might arise in the erudite and learned conversation of the dinner table. It is true that several such questions were settled by either Mr. or Mrs. Oelrichs simply going to the house telephone and propounding them into the transmitter. "In what century did Louis XI live?" "In the fifteenth," would come the answer. The guests themselves could hear it emanating from the receiver. "What was the date of his death?" "1483." Questions like that, or ones about César Franck and the Wars of the Roses. The explanation is simple. The question-answerer was Mr. Edgar Montillion Woolley, formerly of the Yale faculty, really erudite, and an old friend of the Oelrichses.

Sometimes he feels that he will skip a formal dinner. On such occasions, while a house guest at Newport, he dined from a tray in his room, but was glad to oblige.

Critic

FROM a publisher who went to the Attorney General's office in Washington in regard to two questionable books, we find out that the government has a qualified judge of art, a Mr. O'Brien, who is an assistant attorney general. He handles most of the cases in which the question arises, "Is it art?," whether a picture or a book is involved. The publisher was amazed at Mr. O'Brien's extensive knowledge of aesthetics, and frankly asked him about it. Mr. O'Brien as frankly explained. Some years ago he had been assigned to try several cases having to do with the artistic merit of paintings. He felt that, to handle these, he should be especially qualified. He took a course in art appreciation. The subject so engrossed him that he is now as much interested in it as in law, and has become an authority on art.

Diagnosis

VETERINARY medicine still makes strides. A lady recently took her Scotty to a pet hospital and explained that the animal seemed depressed all the time, low in spirits. The doctor took the despondent terrier's temperature, examined its stifles and brisket. "This dog," he pronounced at last, "did not have enough violet rays in its youth."

Landlord

ONE of our little-known men of wealth is Albert Strunsky. He lives with his family in a fine Fifth Avenue apartment, but spends a great

REGINALD MARSH — THE BEACH - CONEY ISLAND

many of his days and nights in the basement of a house in Washington Square South. He owns every house on that side of the Square, and looks after their renting himself—doesn't bother with agents, despite his reputed fortune of more than a million. Mr. Strunsky enjoys landlording. His is a story of quick success. Shortly after the war he speculated and lost a modest fortune he had made in real estate, and this with a wife and two children to support. In the extremity he borrowed a hundred dollars, bought forty dollars' worth of talcum powder, some pale-blue bottles, and a pushcart, and went into the talcum-powder business. Within a year he was selling to nine out of ten East Side barbers. With his profits he then took a long lease on a tenement house in West Third Street. It was under the "L" and occupied by Italian families who paid eighteen dollars a month for three-room apartments. As the leases ran out, Strunsky did the rooms over in modernistic Village style, and rented them to Villagers for ten dollars a week each. Following this policy in the case of other tenements in the neighborhood—he had taken options on forty or more in a short time—he kept on getting rid of Italian families and making room for the Intelligentsia. Three rooms that once rented for eighteen a month now brought in, by grace of a can of paint, dollar floor lamps and so on, and a shower bath to each floor, a total of a hundred and twenty dollars a month.

Strunsky's office and hangout is in the basement at 47 Washington Square South. He is frequently mistaken for the janitor but he doesn't mind. He knows all his tenants by name, and all his former tenants too. The cellars of 63, 64, and 65 Washington Square South are filled with trunks and bric-a-brac belonging to ousted occupants who owe him rent. Strunsky is a rather considerate landlord, however. He ejects people, a little sadly, after the rent is two weeks overdue, but can be persuaded to grant a fortnight's extra grace if he likes you. In any event, he invariably gives ousted tenants a dollar for cabfare and another dollar for food. They can leave their bags and other belongings in one of his basements as long as they wish. He never throws these things out or sells them. A person who has lived in one of his houses may always return and, if hard-pressed for money, be allowed a week's grace on the rent. He approves prospective tenants by studying their faces for "honesty." He frequently drops in for a social call on the people who live in his houses and always goes to their icebox for a snack. It's a little ritual. No one ever resents it.

•

JOKE from *Punch*: (Two old women talking) "Well, you've got one of them ear things for your deafness at last. That's what I've been telling you to do for five years."

"Oh! That's what you've been telling me for five years, is it?"

Paths of Glory

SUMMER is the best time for visitors at the Hall of Fame, the supervisor told us, but there were only six other people there the other day when we were, a man and his wife and two small children, and two girls sitting under the bust of Audubon, chewing gum.

Above the entrance of the hall appears the legend, "Mighty Men Who Were Of Old Men Of Renown," needing a comma after "Old" for a hurried reading. Inside (we had never been there before and therefore will go into detail), facing one another on opposite sides of a winding, bare colonnade, are arranged the bronze busts of the men honored. The callings of the giants are indicated by slabs on the floor: Authors, Educators, Preachers, and Theologians, and so on. But one engineer is included, James Buchanan Eads; one painter, Gilbert Stuart; one sculptor, St. Gaudens; and one explorer, Daniel Boone. Underneath each bust is a tablet upon which is lettered what is considered the subject's most noteworthy remark. "The common school is the greatest discovery ever made by man."—Horace Mann. (The Hall of Fame manifestly intends no pun.) "I may say I was the first to bring the electro magnet into the condition necessary for its use in telegraphy and also to point out its applica-

"M'm—I'd cut out the frogs' legs."

tion to the telegraph."—Joseph Henry.

The environs of the Hall of Fame are not happy. The mighty men who were of old men of renown stare at a ramshackle boarding house, slummy dwellings, electric-light plants, and gas tanks. Mark Twain glares at the squat library of New York University.

Civic Pride

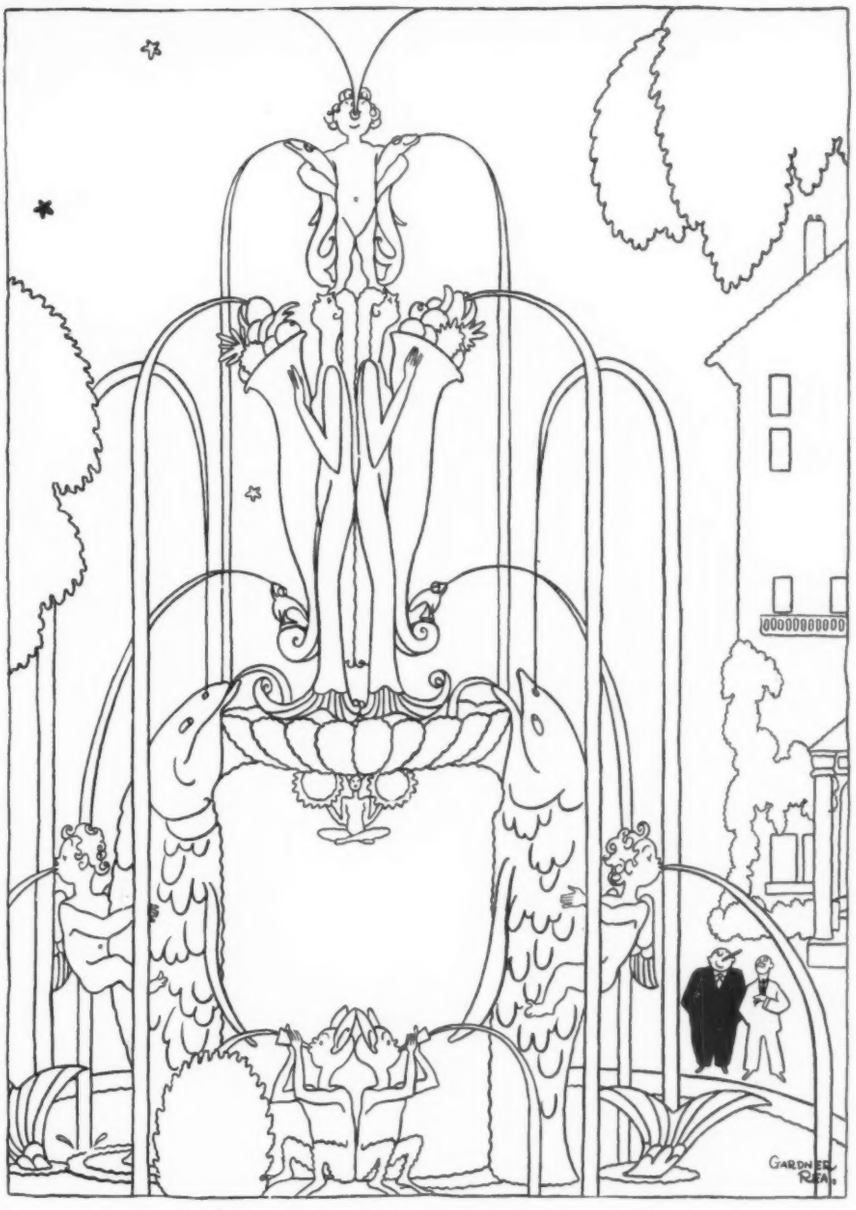
A MAN just back from Chicago says he was being shown around the Art Institute there by a guide who, at the end, proudly pointed out the bronze lions at the entrance of the building. The New York man murmured that they were very nice, but that the Library lions here are also nice. "Yes," said the Chicagoan triumphantly, "but these lions have the longest unsupported bronze tails in the world!"

Club Cigarettes

THE cigarettes that Byrd took to the pole (North, 1926) were Brook Clubs, but few people remember that, or ever heard of it. In those days Byrd's smokes were not a matter of profound national concern, and furthermore Brook Clubs are not made and ballyhooed by a big tobacco company. They are manufactured rather quietly, by Georgopulo & Company, 48 Stone Street, way downtown. The firm makes cigarettes for notable clubs, eminent people. It is well to know at once, in case you are a defender of Brook Clubs as being better than, say, New York Yachts or Knickerbockers, that the same blend is used for all clubs. It is also well to know that club cigarettes are not officially on sale at tobacconists. Such counters as display them got them this way or that way, against the rules. There are a number of rules, one of which is that individuals shall order through their clubs, the clubs making a small percentage. If you thrill to specific instances, Vincent Astor gets his through the Brook ('twas he who supplied Byrd), Hermann Oelrichs orders his through either the Knickerbocker or the Yacht, according to mood, and the late William Rockefeller bought his by way of the Sleepy Hollow Country Club. There are a few exceptions, such as Harry Payne Whitney, who orders direct from the Georgopulos.

There are two Georgopulo brothers, B. P. and T. A., the oldest brother and founder, G. A., having died. He established the business twenty-five years ago, thanks largely to the enthusiasm of one of the Biddles—the brothers don't remember which one—who tried one of the cigarettes and liked it. In two months orders began to come in by the thousand. The Yacht Club was the first organization, the Colony Club the last.

Clubs and persons have special devices printed on their cigarettes. Yacht clubs and yachtsmen run to flags. Some have two flags, in four different colors. James P. Warburg has a horse's head and the name Yessir on his. The Racquet Club is the biggest customer. In this connection, we learn that there is no such thing as Egyptian tobacco—not a leaf is grown there. The so-called Egyptian tobacco sold there is grown in Turkey.



"Ah yes, but where are the Lily cups?"

• •

Raided

ONE of the speakeasies in the Fifties was closed last week owing to a raid by federal officers. The proprietor—Leon, we shall call him—ordered one of his men outside to stand there and explain to patrons when they tried to get in. "Shall I tell them the place is padlocked?" asked the sentinel. "By no means," said Leon, who is meticulous. He pondered a moment. "Just say to my clientele," he went on, "that Leon made a mistake, which will be rectified by next Friday at the latest." —THE NEW YORKERS

BOOST NEW YORK!

IT is high time that results were beginning to come in from that pamphlet prepared a while ago by the Merchants' Association and sent broadcast to the newspapers of the country with some idea of boosting New York. Presumably the purpose was, as stated, "to get bigger business coming from an increased number of visitors," although it hardly seems credible that any organization in its right senses would deliberately go out of its way to get *more* visitors to New York. We residents can hardly get any sleep as it is.

I thought at the time of distribution of the pamphlet that the subject-matter was not exactly that which would stir people throughout the country to come rushing to New York on a visit, but I didn't say anything. For instance, it didn't seem that the news that in New York a baby is born every four minutes and six seconds would make lethargic provincials throw some things into a bag and take the first train to the metropolis, unless perhaps they happened to want a baby very badly. And even then they might have to wait quite a time until a free four-minute-and-six-second interval came along, for there would be a lot of people ahead of them. The Merchants' Association went on to state that, using a twelve-hour day for computation, fourteen couples get married every hour, and certainly those who get married in New York ought to get the call over mere visitors in the matter of baby distribution. By the time the visitors got around to their turn, they would have automatically become residents.

It also seemed that the Merchants' Association hadn't dressed its statistics up in very attractive form to lure outsiders into town. To say that the 6,056,000 people in New York eat 3,500,000 tons of food a year, 2,659,632 quarts of milk and 7,000,000 eggs daily, wouldn't strike one as being the best possible argument for coming to New York on a visit. It is hard to imagine a man who has never been out of Des Moines picking up his newspaper and saying to his wife: "Marion, get out your good clothes—we're going to New York. It says here that people there eat three and a half million tons of food a year." Or his wife saying: "But how many eggs a day do they eat?" and, on hearing that it is seven million, replying: "Good! That's all I want to know. We're off!" If I had never been to New York (and sometimes I wonder if it wouldn't have been better) I certainly would not have been moved to come by such tactics.

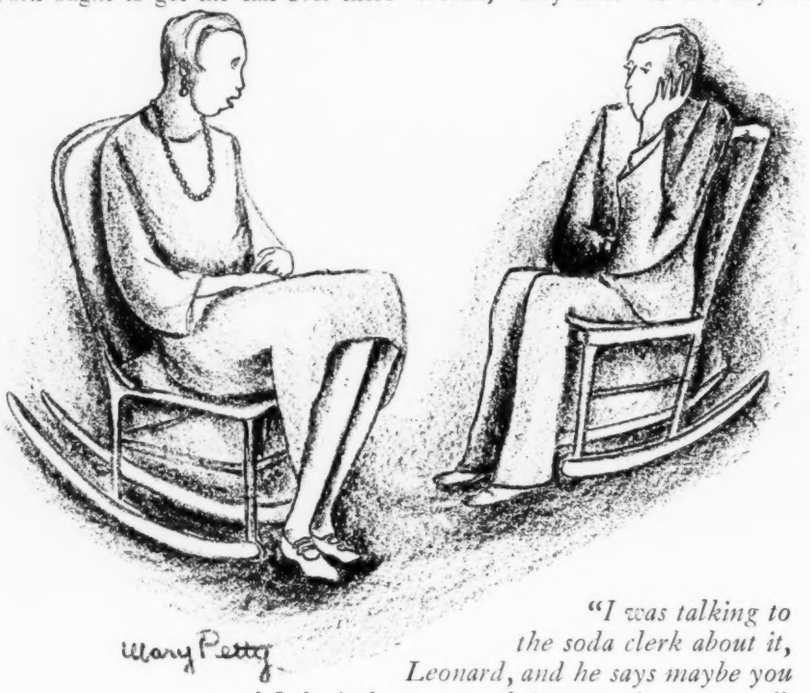
AT times in the pamphlet it almost seemed as if the Merchants' Association was trying actually to discourage people from visiting. "More than one hundred and ninety persons pick up the telephone-receiver every second," they said. Is that any way to boost your town? Immediately the question presents itself in the mind of the reader: "And how many put it down without getting their number?" Picking up a telephone-receiver is nothing to boast of. How many calls are actually put through? The picture of one hundred and ninety people trying to get numbers every second presents a picture bordering on that of Bedlam as seen from the air. Any Westerner would be a fool to leave his home-town on such a prospect, even if his own telephone has to be cranked before and after using.

What I am trying to find out now is whether or not the Merchants' Association has noticed any increase in visitors since the good news was broadcast over two months ago. Perhaps it is too soon to tell, but the summer is when most people visit New York just for the sake of visiting. There ought to have been a few from the larger automotive cities, like Detroit, who would have been excited by the item of there still being fifty thousand horses in daily use in New York, although they are in for a big disappointment if they come and bring their riding togs expecting to ride them. They may not even see them.

Practically the only item of sure-fire interest to non-residents was that telling of the two hundred and fifty-two theatres in which the spoken drama is played (cut, during the summer, to fifteen which were available.) It is probably ten years since a lot of people outside of New York have seen spoken drama and it will take a trip to New York to convince them that they haven't missed much.

But the things that potential visitors really want to know, such as how many night-clubs there are, what speakeasies to go to, and what to do after 3 A.M., the Merchants' Association omitted entirely from its prospectus. You will get no visitors by telling them how many horses there are in New York, or how many babies are born every four minutes, or even that the 1,584 churches are worth more than $286,000,000. At least, I don't think so. But, as I said before, who *wants* more visitors? That's why I didn't point all this out before.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY



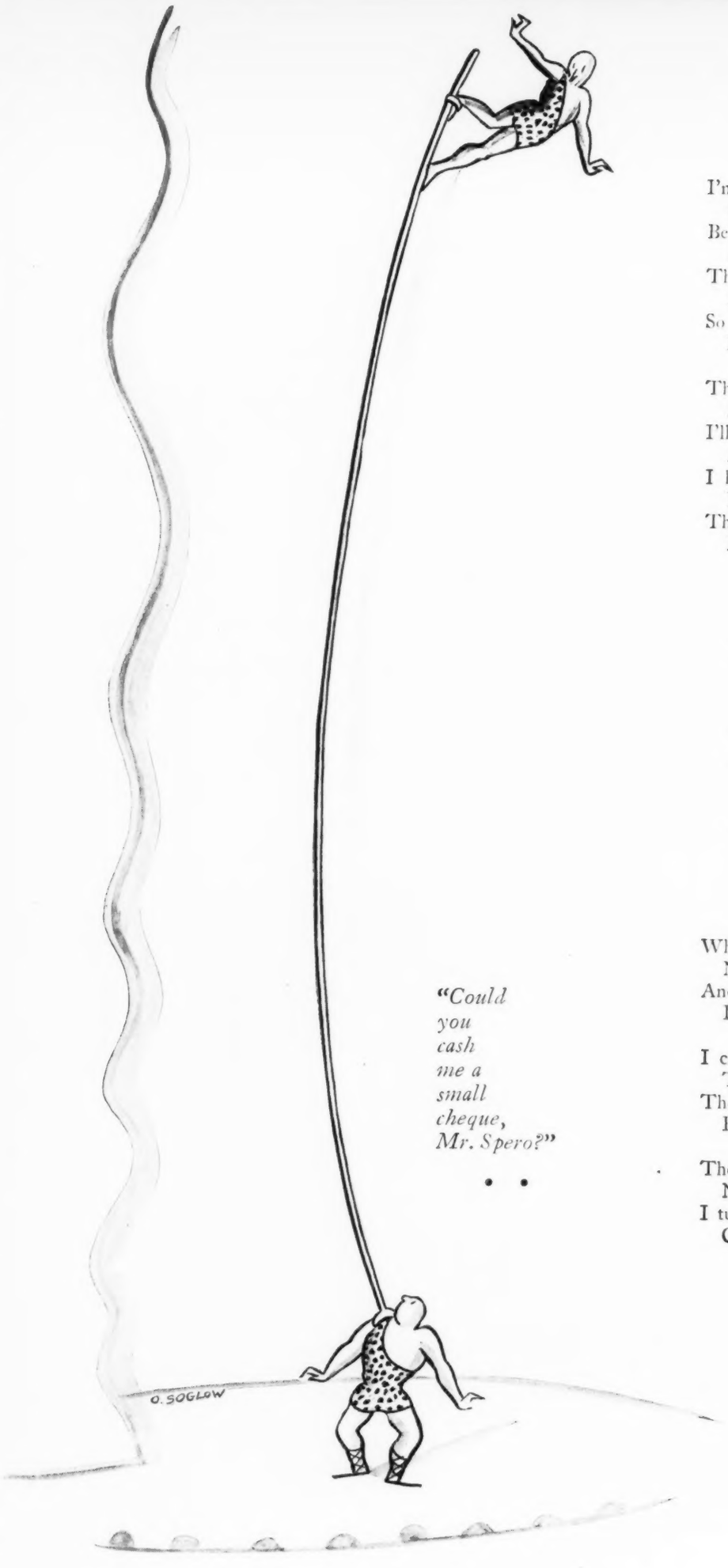
"I was talking to the soda clerk about it, Leonard, and he says maybe you and I don't have enough interests in common."

•

WANTED—Old swords, daggers, and pistols. Will trade pigeons, rabbits, etc.—*Sports and Hobbies.*

You're practically at a standstill.

"Whaddya know! I hear they're gonna make th' East Side residential."



"Could you cash me a small cheque, Mr. Spero?"

• •

IF IT BE NOT FAIR~

I'm wearied of wearying love, my friend,
Of worry and strain and doubt.
Before we begin, let us view the end,
And maybe I'll do without.
There's never the pang that was worth the tear,
And toss in the night I won't.
So either you do or you don't, my dear,
Either you do or you don't.

The table is ready, so lay your cards,
And if they should augur pain
I'll tender you ever my kind regards
And run for the fastest train.
I haven't the will to be spent and sad;
My love's to be gay and true—
Then either you don't or you do, my lad,
Either you don't or you do.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE

You know the bloom, unearthly white,
That none has seen by morning light—
The gentle moon, alone, may bare
Its beauty to the secret air.
Who ventures past its dark retreat
Must kneel for holy things and sweet.
That blossom, mystically blown,
No man may gather for his own
Nor touch it, lest it droop and fall. . . .
Oh, I am not like that at all!

LITTLE WORDS

When you are strayed, there is nor bloom nor leaf
Nor singing sea at night, nor silver birds.
And I may only stare, and shape my grief
In little words.

I cannot conjure loveliness, to drown
The bitter woe that racks my chords apart.
The staggering pen that sets my sorrow down
Feeds at my heart.

There is no mercy in the shifting year;
No beauty wraps me tenderly about.
I turn to little words—so you, my dear,
Can spell them out.

—DOROTHY PARKER

ELSIE DINSMORE AT THE COSTUME BALL

Though at times impetuous with
emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like
the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,
We will be patient, and assuage the
feeling
We may not wholly stay.
—LONGFELLOW

"OH, joy! joy!" cried Elsie one evening, capering about the library in a transport of gladness. "To think, dear Papa, that we are going to the country-club costume ball, in company with Mr. Travilla and dear Miss Shirley Bixby!"

"I am gratified that my little girl appreciates the invitation," said her father fondly, as he lounged in an easy chair. "It will no doubt be a beautiful occasion, as the decorations are to be Egyptian, and the guests costumed appropriately."

"Oh!" said the little girl of fifteen happily. "I am *so* fond of Egyptian history—although, dear Papa, I do not neglect other branches of learning. We shall, I am sure, see many costumes of historical interest, from which I can glean valuable information." She seated herself gracefully on the arm of her father's chair. "What will Miss Bixby wear?"

"That I do not know," answered Mr. Dinsmore, placing his arm about her. "She has promised to see to your costume as well as her own. I am sure that you will be grateful for her assistance."

"Indeed I *shall* be, Papa," said Elsie earnestly. "I am certain that she knows better than I." Then, in tones of eager interest, "What shall *you* wear, Papa?"

"I shall be a desert chieftain," he replied with dignity.

"Oh!" exclaimed the child with enthusiasm, "just like the book which you forbade me to read some years ago, dear Papa?"

"The similarity will end with the costume," said he decidedly.

Several days elapsed after this conversation took place, and the appointed evening found Mr. Horace Dinsmore clad in handsome and colorful robes. Mr. Edward Travilla was resplendent in a uniform of the French army, while Miss Bixby, who was in reality a blonde, looked quite like a beautiful Egyptian, her skin tinted with theatrical paint and a bright piece of cloth wound round her, the whole surmounted by a black wig. The three were chatting merrily in the Dinsmores' drawing-room, awaiting the hour for departure, when a light though lingering step passed down the broad stairway and crossed the hall, and a slender form appeared in the doorway. It was none other than Elsie, wrapped in a long cloak.

"Why!" cried her father in annoyance. "You have forgotten to don the auburn wig which Miss Bixby so kindly provided for you!"

"No, Papa, I did not forget," replied the little girl, with a troubled look. "But I could not wear it. I feared that strangers might think that the natural hue of my locks was auburn; and I do *so* wish to be known just as I am, with all my faults."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Mr. Dinsmore impatiently. "Let me hear no more of such stuff."

"Oh, come, come," put in Mr. Travilla, in his kind way, "*my* opinion is that the auburn wig is not at all necessary. I am sure that Cleopatra would have been even more beautiful if her hair had been the exact shade of little Miss Elsie's. Let her leave off the wig, Dinsmore."

"Yes," agreed Miss Bixby, "we cannot argue all evening."

"A truce to discussion, *if* you please," said Mr. Horace Dinsmore shortly. "As the hour is late, let us be on our way. Elsie, you may omit the wig."

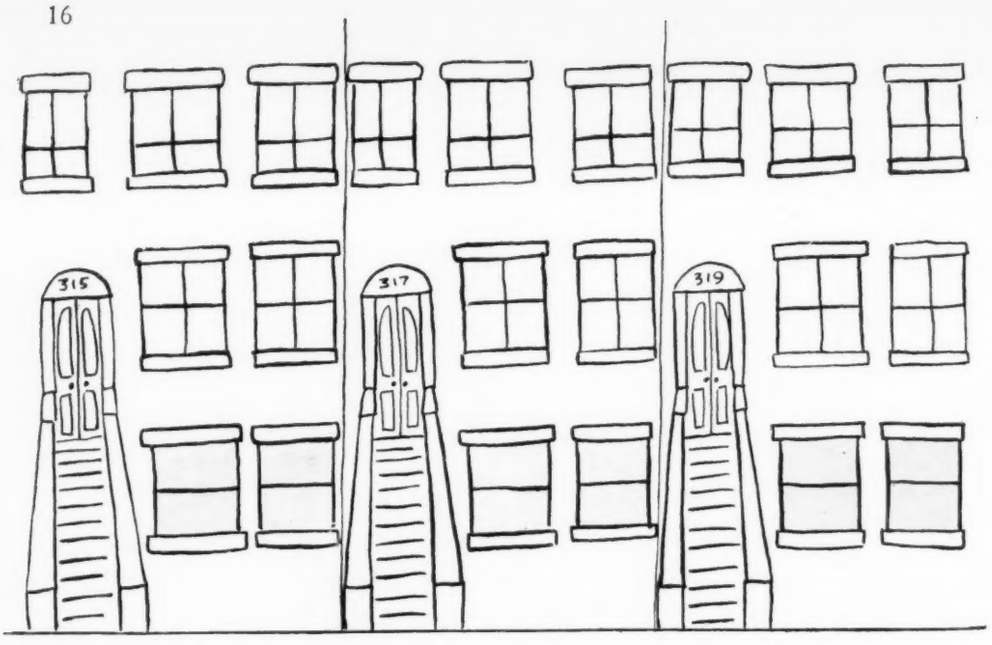
"Thank you, Papa," the child faltered gratefully.

THE Dinsmore limousine drew up at the porte-cochère of the club and they were assisted to alight by a footman in livery. Elsie followed Miss Bixby into the ladies' cloakroom.

"Have you face-powder, Elsie?" asked Miss Bixby solicitously, as she removed her wrap. "You may use mine, for I do not need it, with my grease-paint."

"Oh, *no*, thank you, Miss Bixby," said Elsie gravely. "I never use cosmetics of any sort, for my complexion does not require them, nor do I think

"Oh, she's very attractive. I don't like her at all."



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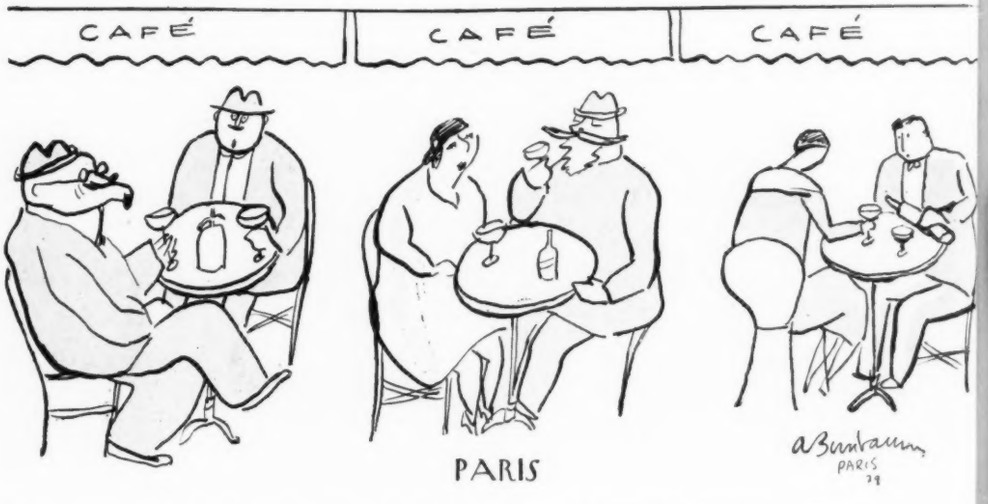


PARIS

them quite honorable, giving, as they do, a false aspect."

"Very well, child," said her companion lightly. "Throw off your coat, and let us join the gentlemen."

"No, no," breathed Elsie fearfully. "I cannot appear in public in this garb. I must retain my cloak."

Miss Bixby shrugged her shoulders, but said nothing. As they rejoined their escorts, Mr. Dinsmore raised his eyebrows at the sight of Elsie. "Daughter," he said, with restraint, "why do you not remove your coat at once?"

"Oh, Papa," she said, drawing a sobbing breath. "My conscience, which is the inner guide of my conduct, informs me that my costume is not sufficiently modest."

"Are you criticizing the taste of Miss Bixby, who is your senior?" inquired her father.

"Now, Horace," protested Miss Bixby, bridling, "I am, after all, not a grandmother in years."

"I do not cast aspersions upon Miss Bixby, Papa," said Elsie, almost weeping, "but I cannot remove the coat."

"Very well," said Mr. Dinsmore in hard tones. "As a punishment for your obdurate and rebellious spirit, you shall wear your coat throughout the evening, ridiculous though you may appear."

The white lids drooped over the soft eyes, and large tears stole from beneath the long, dark lashes, and rolled silently down the child's cheeks. Her heart was grieved and sore to have displeased her father, while obeying the dictates of the inner voice.

OUR four friends then entered the great ballroom, which was filled with gay, dashing figures—mimic officers, Cleopatras, Pharaohs, Romans, Bedouins. Making their way through the throng, they proceeded into the dining-room. Upon the table was an array of bottles of various sizes and shapes, and several large beverage shakers. Half a dozen servants were engaged in mixing and pouring the contents of the bottles into glasses, which they passed to the guests.

"Are you thirsty?" Mr. Travilla asked Elsie, smiling.

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the child gratefully. "I *am* a little thirsty, for I had only one glass of water at dinner."

"Here you are," said Mr. Travilla, beckoning to one of the servants. "Have some punch."

All received glasses of punch, and Elsie drank hers with relish. "What a delicious beverage!" she said, the natural color mounting in her cheeks. "Mr. Travilla, do you not find the room overheated?"

"Ah," said Mr. Travilla in a gentle tone, full of sympathy and kindness, "it is, of course, because you are still wearing your wrap. I am not at all surprised that you are becoming feverish. Dinsmore, cannot the little girl remove the coat?"

"No," came the firm reply. "She must suffer the heat in consequence of her childish attitude about her costume."

"Dear Papa," said Elsie, in a touchingly humble way, "I am beginning to feel that my costume is not so immodest as it first appeared to me, and I should like to doff my coat."

"No, you have received my ultimatum," said Mr. Dinsmore coldly, and he led Miss Bixby out of the room.

"Dear Papa is wiser than *we* are, dear Mr. Travilla," said Elsie gently, fighting back the tears.

In his kindly way, Mr. Travilla procured two large glasses of punch, giving one to Elsie, who dropped a tear or two. "Shall we stroll into the con-

servatory for a chat?" he suggested when she had finished it.

ELSIE took Mr. Travilla's arm, and they made their way into the conservatory. As they entered the dimly lighted room, they heard a slight shriek.

"Help!" came in Miss Bixby's merry tones. "My wig has become entangled in Horace's headdress! Horace, why *did* you use safety pins?"

Elsie sprang forward. "Oh, *do* let *me* help," she cried in sympathizing tones. "How did it *ever* happen?" Her agile fingers had soon extricated the wig, and her eyes sought her father's flushed countenance.

"Daughter," said Mr. Horace Dinsmore with dignity, "I think you have worn your coat long enough to have impressed upon your mind the importance of obedience. You may remove it now."

"Oh, thank you, dear Papa," she said gratefully, happy to bask once more in his approval. With Mr. Travilla's assistance, she took off the wrap, and stood radiant in her Cleopatra costume.

"Let us return to the dining-room," suggested Mr. Travilla. "The light is poor here in the conservatory."

"Splendid!" they all agreed, suiting the action to the word.

Round after round of merry toasts followed, and Elsie's delight in her father's goodwill knew no bounds. "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Elsie?" Mr. Travilla inquired deferentially, after some time had been spent in this manner.

"Certainly," the little girl made cordial reply, taking his arm.

"Come, let us dance, too, Shirley," said Mr. Dinsmore.

OUR four friends entered the ballroom, where they joined the whirl of dancers. Elsie was quite bewildered by the vast sea of faces. "But," she cried, pirouetting gaily in her partner's arms, "I feel very *happy*!"

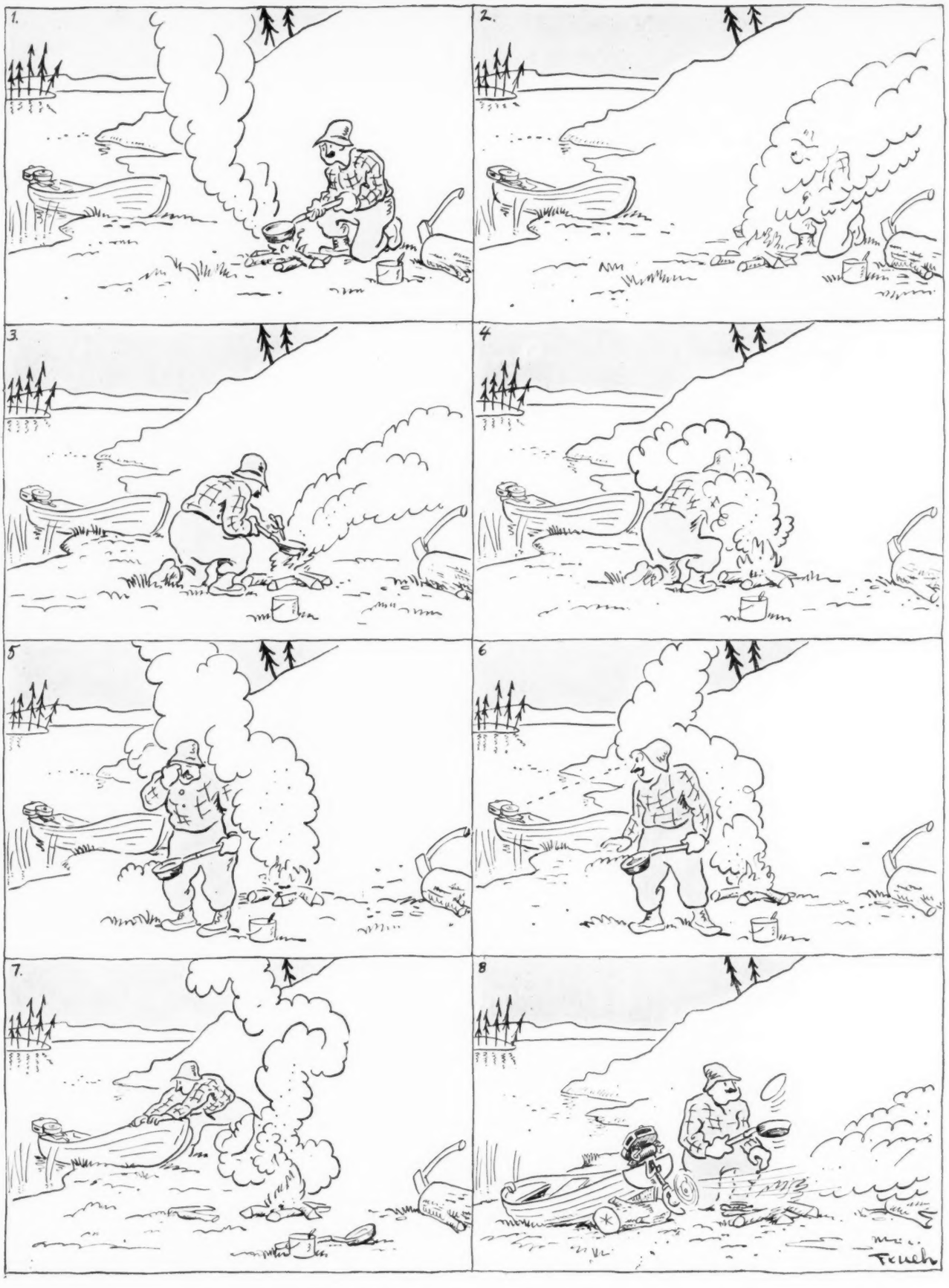
"Good music, and an excellent floor," remarked Mr. Travilla genially, tightening his arm about her as he swung her into an intricate turn.

At the conclusion of that dance, the little girl skipped lightly about the ballroom, followed by her faithful friend, in and out among the throng, until she found her father.

"Oh, Papa," she carolled, her eyes sparkling with joy, "*dearest* Papa, a more delightful occasion could not be conceived, and I am fast learning to be at ease in society. And now may I add to the pleasure of the guests by performing a solo dance in Egyptian style, when the music commences again?"

"In *that* costume?" her father exclaimed, in a horrified voice. "Travilla, do you not think it is time we were leaving?" —JOSIE TURNER

The Davey tree specialist gets a night call to attend the arrival of a little visitor



THE WOODSMAN SOLVES THE SMOKE PROBLEM

THE ROARING TALKIES

THE movietone laboratory experts have made considerable progress in eliminating the lisp from talking pictures, but they haven't got anywhere at all so far with an even greater problem. They haven't been able to do away with that strange quality of resonance, sometimes almost of clangor, in the voices which proceed from the screen. Actors sound as if they were talking into a large, empty, tin cracker-box. This distressing phenomenon is just as bad now as it was when the first talking picture was made and one can only assume that efforts to eliminate it have failed, and that the metallic resonance of the screen voice is here to stay. "I guess the metallic resonance of the screen voice is here to stay," I said to an eminent movie producer the other day, sounding him out. He smiled, nodded vaguely, and moved hastily away, so I guess it *is* here to stay. There is, then, but one thing for the movietone producers to do, and that is: so to arrange plots and settings that the reverberating sound of the actors' voices will be justified and rationalized.

I HAVE worked out a sample synopsis, showing how this can be done. It tells a simple little story of home life and intrigue. The principal characters are George Brundage, a young banker; Mrs. Brundage, his wife; an Armored-Car Guard, and a Woman Circus Diver.

When the picture opens, the banker is seen helping his wife with the housework, in a spirit of fun. He is on his knees by the bathtub, scouring it out. Mrs. Brundage is in the kitchen cleaning out the breadbox. "Hello, dear," he calls—his head far down into the tub. "Hello, dear," she answers—her head deep in the breadbox. In the next scene, they go to the attic to straighten up there. The wife finds a couple of old megaphones that her husband used when he was a college cheerleader. Playfully, they talk through these. "Let's give a megaphone party," says the wife, through hers. "All the guests to talk through megaphones!" "Splendid, dear," he croons, through his.

The next scene is the megaphone party to which the Guard, who works in the back of an armored truck, has been invited. He has brought his armored car with him and, for a prank, Mrs. Brundage suggests (through her megaphone) that he take her for a ride. He agrees, and they slip away, unbeknownst to Brundage, who is bellowing sweet nothings through his megaphone at the Circus Diver.

The wife and the Guard are next seen riding in the back of the armored car, all the walls of which are of steel. "Let us drive to my laboratory," he reverberates, "for I am an inventor." At his laboratory, he picks up a hollow brass cylinder. "This hollow brass cylinder," he explains, talking into it, "is contrived to intensify musical tones and designed for the study and analysis of complex sounds." Mrs. Brundage takes it from him and sings the picture's theme song into it. "And this," booms the Guard, into another brass apparatus, "utilizes the effects of resonance in connection with open circuits. See this helix of bare copper wire? A variable number of its coils can be connected in a circuit with a condenser. Then a spark gap can be excited with an induction coil." This little scene naturally draws the two pretty close together and, riding back to the party in the armored car, he says, "Mrs. Brundage, I love you." (This is the theme song.) "You must not say that," resounds Mrs. Brundage. "I'll write it then," says the Guard, and on a canvas moneybag he writes, "Mrs. Brundage, I love you," and signs his name.

BRUNDAGE is in one of the steel vaults of his bank when he comes across that very moneybag and sees the words written on it. "My God!" he cries—to the four steel walls of the vault—"My wife and the guard who works in the back of the armored truck!"

In the next scene, the heartbroken banker is shown with the Other Woman, the Circus Diver. They are standing in her empty diving-tank which she is inspecting before the performance. Meanwhile, Mrs. Brundage is on the lower level of the Grand Central, in one of those echoing corridors, a place she always goes to think. "George must not find out about my silly but innocent indiscretion," she echoes to a woman friend. "Dismiss it," echoes back the woman friend.

But Mrs. Brundage cannot dismiss it, and that night she is worried when she finds Brundage, in his study, brooding over an empty iron strongbox. "Hello, dear," she shouts, playfully, through one of the megaphones left over from the party. "I have read the moneybag," he answers, coldly, speaking into the strongbox without looking up. They say bitter things, he into the strongbox, she through the megaphone—for she wishes to show that she does not take the matter seriously. In the end, however, he stalks out. She sobs brokenly into the goldfish bowl, "Little fish, bring him back." (Which also could easily have been the theme song.)

IN the next scene Brundage is once more in the empty tank with the girl diver. The performance is over, but she is inspecting the tank again, anyway. He asks her resonantly to run away with him. She echoes to him a little whisper. Awed, he departs.

In the final fade-out scene, Brundage sneaks up behind his wife, who has sadly done the supper dishes and is wiping the bottom of the dishpan, staring at her tear-stained face reflected in it. She sees his face become mirrored in the dishpan, over her shoulder. "The Circus Diver," he says softly but metallically, "is married to the Armored-Car Guard and they are going to have young." The Brundages, arm in arm, gaze at their images in the dishpan. Together they sing the theme song, "Mrs. Brundage, I Love You," into the dishpan.

—JAMES THURBER

•

Mrs. William Feldstein and Mrs. Emma Zeimers, mothers of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Feldstein respectively, are visiting their great granddaughter, Rose Noella Feldstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Feldstein.—*Lake Placid News.*

Time may clear it up.

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PROFILES

ALL THE KING'S HORSES

LIKE all trainers of racehorses, Samuel Hildreth is an expert in the physical culture of animals, and a kind of impresario as well. He is an interesting, rather eccentric fellow himself; many stories are told about the great races his horses have won, the way he behaves at the track, his superstitions, and his methods of training, but the important thing about him remains his ability to tell what a horse will do from indications often subtle and obscure. Many people think they can judge horses like that, but none of them around here has proved it to the extent that he has.

He is a broad-shouldered, white-haired gentleman, with glossy, nervous brown eyes, and a clear, tough-looking skin that is sunburned all the year round. Everything about him seems to have been made to last: his knob-like cheekbones make his face look square, and the rest of his body is warmly covered, even in summer, with various thick, protective layers of clothing. His overcoats are squarely cut, and have exceptionally big buttons; his shoes are heavy; he always wears a waistcoat and a big watch-chain, and his short, white mustache covers his mouth like a flap over a pocket. That mustache is symbolic in a way, for he is very close-mouthed. He rarely talks about the horses he has trained, and regards with suspicion any stranger introduced to him at the track. On exceptional occasions, or when in the company of old friends, he will let out what he thinks of the field that day, circling with a pencil-mark the entries he likes in each race. He marked Harry F. Sinclair's program this way when E. E. Smathers, whose stable he had trained, introduced the oil magnate as "a baseball fan who is just finding out about racing." Sinclair profited by his tips, got interested enough to buy a share in one horse, then in several others that Hildreth owned and was racing at the time under his own colors. Together they bought and started to renovate Rancocas, the stud farm Pierre Lorillard had built at Jobstown, New Jersey. Eventually the venture became so big that Hildreth sold out his interest to Sinclair and changed his position from part-owner to trainer and general manager at a salary and a share in the winnings.

He is still trainer for Rancocas and continues to race the stable while his employer is in jail. Even when the oil man was at the track every day Hildreth decided the policy of the stable—what horses were to be bought, which sold, which run, which scratched — and Sinclair indorsed his decisions almost without exception. As the directing authority of Rancocas, he has achieved the greatest success of his life, but he was successful and well known long before he met Sinclair. He has raced and trained horses with more or less good luck for about fifty years.

Samuel Hildreth

HE was born in Independence, Missouri, in 1866; his father was a tobacco-planter who paid attention to his plantation only when his quarter-horses were not making money. When his children were still small, Vincent Hildreth lost interest in tobacco altogether and, with his furniture packed into four wagons, and ten or twelve racers and half-a-dozen hackneys in a line behind them, left Missouri and went to Kansas, and then to Kentucky and Texas, looking for race-meets. Young Sam began his professional activity trading a mule for a pony and the pony for a gelding, which his father sold at a profit. Later he rode in some races and still sometimes speaks of them, referring laconically to a fabulous number of victories.

These races aren't in the record books. They were run on little prairie tracks in Texas—the last of them in Dallas, when, at sixteen, he was picking up too much weight to be a jockey. He trained some horses for a man named Paris, who was proprietor of the Belmont Hotel in Parsons, Kansas. Besides being trainer, Hildreth was clerk and bartender in the hotel and did odd jobs. At twenty-two he learned blacksmithing and appeared at some of the eastern tracks, making racing-plates in partnership with a German named Long. He earned enough to buy a cheap horse of his own, then another one; trading his bargains for better horses, or improving them by training, he worked up to the big tracks. One year he won sixty races. To get a fair price for his entries, which were acquiring so much prestige that they were handicapped in the betting, he hired Frank James, brother of Jesse, to bet his money without letting the bookies know where it came from. He says that James was one of the most honest commissioners he ever knew.

AFTER his marriage to a girl he met at Saratoga when he was twenty-six, he was flush and broke by turns for a number of years. Sometimes Mrs. Hildreth, who still goes to the track with him nearly every day during the season, had a hard time finding anything for supper. Once he had as much as fifty thousand dollars, but a few months later it was all gone. Penniless, he was hurt in a street-car accident. When he got out of the hospital the street-car company paid him five hundred dollars in damages and Hildreth bet the money on a horse. That his entry won does not keep you from wondering why his curious methods of arranging his financial affairs have made him a millionaire while others who have run their lives on similar principles are now selling gum and programs at the track.

What has made him rich is undoubtedly the fact that his gambling—and he bets more often and in bigger amounts than is commonly supposed—is only a side issue of the training for which he is paid high wages and which exercises his real genius. Lucky Baldwin was the first owner who persuaded him to give up his independence and insecurity by becoming trainer for a big private stable. After Baldwin, he trained for William C. Whitney, August Belmont, Charles E. Kohler, E. E. Smathers, and others. Almost all

the famous sporting figures of a decade or two ago were friends of his: "Betcha-a-Million" Gates and Diamond Jim Brady, who would yell and jump around when his horses were running, and Pittsburgh Phil Smith, who never let out a sound; Bill Pinkerton, who, when he was putting a big bet down, would have the detectives of his agency distribute it all over the country so as not to hurt the odds. Owners like Eugene Leigh and the Baron Maurice Rothschild, jockeys like Carroll Shilling, Snapper Garrison, and Tod Sloan, who travelled with twenty trunks full of clothes and who out of conceit always registered in hotels as James Sloan, of New York City, although he came from Kokomo, Indiana. Hildreth has trained such horses as Hourless, Mad Play, Stromboli, Silver Fox, Superlette, Nedaña, and Grey Lag. I don't know how much he makes now, but it must be a good deal, for the stables he has trained have always done well. In four years, for instance, Rancocas won a total of one million, two hundred thousand dollars in purses. Zev alone brought in over three hundred thousand dollars.

ALTHOUGH horses that he has trained have won, at some time or another, virtually every important racing fixture in the country, he only took the Kentucky Derby once—with Zev, in 1923. He seldom trains for one particular race, preferring to concentrate on the ordinary, day-to-day events at the track, finding or creating some situation that will be an advantage to his entry. One funny part of his system is the way he keeps his stable fat. When the horses are led down to the track to be exercised early in the morning he looks them over and sends some back to the barn; these are the ones he thinks look in racing condition. Most other trainers exercise even the horses that are ready to do their best; in fact, if any other trainer sent an entry to the post as fat as some of Hildreth's horses are, no one would believe that it was fit. Because he keeps flesh on them, his horses last longer, and are able to retain top form with only short lay-offs during an entire season. Knowing that he would not be expected to have anything fast before the weather was warm, he arrived at the Jamaica opening one spring with twenty two-year-olds which he said were "nothing much." In the first two weeks of racing he had one or more winners every day and in a number of races where he entered two horses they finished first and second. Friends who had believed him when he called the two-year-olds indifferent were indignant at being kept out of his confidence, but he had told them the truth. After the first two weeks other horses rounded into shape and his average of winning went down. His two-year-olds were not exceptionally fast but had cleaned up because, by a trick of training, he had brought them down from the farm ready to do their best.

SEVERAL anecdotes illustrate his shrewdness in turning accidents to his advantage. A Rancocas horse named Cheops, being led out for saddling, knocked off a racing-plate by stubbing his toe on a plank in the paddock gateway. Hildreth sent for a farrier, and while waiting had a stable boy lead Cheops slowly up and down the paddock. A few minutes later the rumor that Cheops was lame, reaching the enclosure, created excitement and alarm, for the horse was a favorite at odds-on.

"Go out and see for yourself," insisted a pale young man who had brought the news.

Bettors hurried to the paddock, where they saw Cheops moving around unevenly on his three shoes.

"Did he bow a tendon?" somebody asked.

Although the boy said nothing, his silence apparently confirmed the idea that the horse was hopelessly crippled. In spite of Hildreth's reputation for running his entries only when they were fit, the odds on Cheops lengthened fast and were long enough to be profitable by the time a farrier got a new plate on him. Presumably with some money down at the new price, Hildreth watched him win the race with ease.

Profiting by an incident like this wasn't deliberate slyness on his part as much as wit in turning whatever

"Naw, ya sap,
Mrs. Willebrandt ain't human interest."

happened to his own account. He never tells anybody how much he gets down on horses he likes, but from the effect of his bets on the odds in the enclosure it has been deduced that he occasionally goes as high as twenty thousand in a single race. His salary is reputed to be a hundred thousand a year.

Occasionally he has shown a sentimental attachment for a horse that has done well for him. He says that Grey Lag, a handsome chestnut with a white belly and white legs, was the most intelligent animal he ever trained. Stromboli was another he liked a lot. After buying him for a trifling price at the end of his racing career he got the idea that maybe Stromboli wasn't too old to race after all. Instead of using him for a saddle-horse, as he had planned at first, he began to train him, and two years after his first retirement entered him at a mile race at Belmont with horses that hadn't even been foaled when he was at the top of his career. Stromboli won the race and another as well before Hildreth retired him for good.

GREEN and white are the colors of the Rancocas stable; they are also the colors painted brightly on the gas-pumps of Sinclair filling stations along highways. Like the oil company, the big stable at Jobstown is organized on an expansive scale. A thousand acres are sown in grass for racehorses to graze on; the low-roofed building containing the stalls is nearly a quarter of a mile long. Besides the regular outdoor running tracks there is an indoor track—until recently the only one in the United States—enclosed entirely in glass. Thoroughbreds training in the transparent, oval building in the wintertime look like equine figures in a merry-go-round, whirling at startling speed to the music of an inaudible calliope.

Training goes on at Jobstown nine months a year. Hildreth spends this period quietly in a modest house on the stable estate. He used to get up every morning at four-thirty to see his horses exercised, but an illness he had last summer has made him careful of his health—kept him from being quite as active as he was. He still clocks the morning runners a couple of times a week. During this time of year he travels around the circuit with the Rancocas entries, usually renting a cottage near whatever track they are racing on. What he does in his spare time, and what amusements, if any, he enjoys other than racing, few people know. Horses are apparently his hobby as well as his profession. He is seldom seen anywhere except at the track, rarely goes to the theatre, and avoids big hotels. The only unprofessional interest he frankly reveals is in children. He has none himself, but when he meets a friend who has he rarely fails to inquire in sporting terms about their health. "How're the fillies?"

POSSIBLY his unwillingness to talk about his own horses is not owing as much to taciturnity as to some superstition. His life is complicated with dozens of taboos, charms, and rituals. Besides the common distrust of black cats, two-dollar bills, and the number thirteen, he superstitiously avoids cross-eyed people and will not have a gray horse in his stable. Silver Fox, which raced with distinction in the Rancocas silks, was purchased by Mrs. Sinclair over his protest. He believes that dogs, especially small ones with long hair, bring luck, and when possible secures his lucky dogs in pairs so as to breed them and renew his luck through successive generations. He will not travel himself or let any of his horses travel on Friday. Once he shipped several entries to Pimlico on a Thursday, believing that they would get there at six or seven the same evening. Something happened that kept the horses from arriving punctually, but at exercise time on Fri-

"What'll I do with it now?"

day morning Hildreth found that they had come.

"What time last night did these horses get in?" Told that it had not been until a little after one in the morning, he chewed his mustache for a minute, then flourished an arm.

"All right, pack them up tomorrow. We're going to Bowie."

One of his superstitions concerns the spot in the paddock at Belmont where his horses are brought to be saddled. Every stable has by tradition some special saddling-place. Hildreth's is under a tall, lopsided tamarack on the west side of the wide lawn, near the driveway going up to the stands. He usually saddles all Rancocas entries himself. First the stableboy hands him a linen towel lettered with the name of the jockey who has the leg up; the trainer lays the towel on the horse's back, smoothing it so that all the hairs will lie one way. Over the towel comes a thin sweat-pad, then the leather bag containing the weights, then the saddlecloth with the entry's number on it, then the saddle-pad. He puts the saddle on and cinches it before strolling back to the clubhouse. He rarely gives riding instructions to Laverne Fator, who since Earl Sande's retirement has done most of the riding for Rancocas. It is a saying at the track that Fator is the best horse in Hildreth's barn.

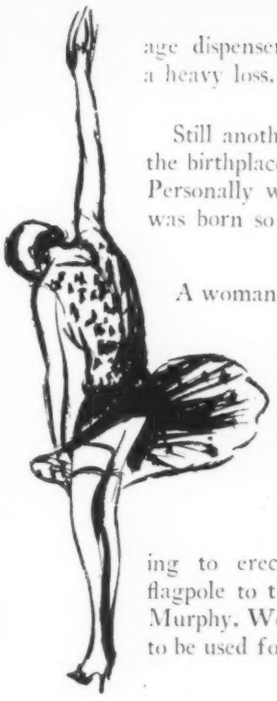
HIS habit of making a superstitious ritual out of saddling caused some confusion before one of the most important races ever run at Belmont—the match between Zev and Papyrus in 1923. Zev had won the Kentucky Derby, Papyrus the English Derby. Steve Donoghue, the smartest jockey in England, was riding against Earl Sande, and the race had been publicized as "The International Derby." The stableboy had just taken the blanket off Zev so that Hildreth could saddle him, when an official came along and said that a special enclosure had been built to saddle the two horses in.

"It's a rare occasion," the official explained. "You see, the crowd is so big that the Association thought it would be better . . ."

The trainer cut him short.

"What do you think I want to do," he demanded with suppressed fury, "change my luck?"

Papyrus alone was saddled in the special enclosure. As the horses went to the post Hildreth saw Basil Jarvis, who had trained the English horse, milling in the crowd for a place to stand. Reaching a hand down, he pulled up the Englishman, and the two trainers watched the race from the same box. Hildreth had trained other great horses, but none as fast as Zev; though Papyrus was under the handicap of being away from home, it was a creditable and important race to win. Zev took an early lead and, coming into the stretch, pulled a little further away from Papyrus. Jarvis turned and congratulated Hildreth. The race was not over yet; it was still possible for Zev to stumble or slow up, or for Papyrus to pass him, but this did not happen. The Rancocas horse passed over the line five lengths in the lead, with Sande looking over his shoulder to see where Papyrus was. The finish in the misty summer weather, with Zev in a white racing-hood, and Sande looking back, made a great scene; of all the races he has won, the many changing scenes of crowds dark at the rail and horses going past the stands, that moment might be picked out, for some figurative quality, to stand for all the rest—galloping images for a medallion of excitement and romance. —NIVEN BUSCH, JR.



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OF ALL THINGS

IF his duties permit, the President intends to visit several Texas cities, including Houston. It would be a graceful act if he would lay a memorial wreath upon the convention hall.

•

Dry Republicans are in revolt against La Guardia, and the silk-stocking crowd is pretty snooty, too. We are sorry to see these signs of disaffection at a time when the party should present a unified back to the enemy.

•

The *World* finds that our night clubs are not doing so well any more. Science should look into the causes of this disastrous blight in the sucker crop.

•

Bartenders in convention assembled voted themselves the title of "beverage dispensers." We tried to sing, "Give us a drink, beverage dispenser, beverage dispenser," but were thrown for a heavy loss.

•

Still another place now claims to be the birthplace of the Republican Party. Personally we never met a party that was born so extensively.

•

A woman has won the rocking-chair marathon at Champaign, Illinois, establishing a new world's record. The name of the summer hotel at which this history was made is not mentioned.

•

Tammany Hall is starting to erect a fifty-thousand-dollar flagpole to the memory of Charles F. Murphy. We'd want to be sure it is not to be used for sitting purposes.

•

France and Germany are standing firmly together against England in the matter of the debt settlement. The French find it easier to forgive their debtors than their creditors.

•

Cecil B. De Mille is quoted to the effect that in a year or so the talkies will make everybody speak flawless English. We hadn't realized that the vocal De Millennium was so imminent.

•

A noise meter has been perfected. You can hang it on the wall like a thermometer and we understand it will catch sounds as faint as the current city campaign. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

GIRL IN A TREE

Her legs were long
And scratched with thistle.
She had a deft,
Enchanting whistle.

Her hands were slim
But strong for lifting
Herself to trees
When winds were shifting,

And there she'd sit
And watch the birds,
And nibble twigs,
And juggle words.

And there she'd lean
And whistle clearly,
Till she was God—
Or very nearly.

—FRANCES M. FROST

THE FATTY DEGENERATION OF BROADWAY

WHEN, ten years ago, the hard stuff got me, and a small syndicate of admirers incorporated themselves into the Frank O'Malley Protective Association, Inc., and moved me from Ward Thirty, Bellevue Hospital, down here to what I call Applejack Arms, I promised these good men and women never again to visit the scene of my earliest and, perhaps, greatest successes. I mean the old Cocktail Trail that began at Lipton's Park Row bar and ended, as all things ended then, in the Battling Nelson Grill, up at Jack's. But a night of the mosquito barrage on my east forty acres decided me to start off on a trip which for months had been an obsession—a reminiscent, sentimental journey the length of the old Cocktail Trail. And at dawn I had donned my Sunday blacks, wiped the milk spots off my shoes, hitched the roans to the democrat wagon, and was rattling across the Jersey meadows toward Manhattan.

Better, my friends, had I remained down here at Applejack Arms, nursing great memories. I knew well that the champions of Prohibition, Temperance, and Public Blah had let the jungle in all along the old Cocktail Trail, but I had no notion that the general bedevilment had so completely shot Manhattan's whole mentality to hell.

Did you know Lipton's, back in the old days? That was the Augustan Age of American journalism and cocktails were two for a quarter. A long shiny bar extended from the well-remembered Nassau Street entrance of Lipton's to the—at least to me — more - blurrily - remembered exit in Park Row. The whole bar was reserved for Park Row reporters. Facing the bar was a row of wealthy booths equipped with walking-stick racks and electric fans, the fans carefully screened so that flowing ends of Windsor ties and eyeglass ribbons would not catch in the whirring blades. The booths were reserved for Park Row journalists.

Always moving graciously among the literary customers, greeting reporters as well as journalists, was the owner of Lipton's, Mr. Tom Crowley. Always a glass of fashion, was Mr. Crowley. Reporters new to Lipton's, in fact, frequently mistook Mr. Crowley for a journalist. He was like that. And restful, suave.

WELL, to return to the stage when I drove in town in the democrat wagon, I hitched the roans at eventide to a City Hall Park rail and hurried toward the Lipton's that was. At the Nassau Street door I was all but overcome. I reeled in a blast of fetid air, composed of the synthesized smells of new rubber bathing slippers, mayonnaise sandwiches, George Loft's fudges, beach parasols, children's toy sailboats, sliced Swiss cheese, lollipops, tennis shoes and racquets, chewing gum, hot buttered toast, and lawnmowers. In brief, a New York drugstore. And where once big Blond Eddie had throned it back of mahogany awash with the bottled laughter of the peasant girls of Milwaukee there now stood something in white, perhaps a male. It was concocting a nut-banana split. But worse was to come—perhaps the sharpest shock of all the disillusionment. Behind the nut-banana-split artist was a large blue placard, lettered in yellow. It hung on the spot where, back in better days, Mr. Crowley displayed in a neat gold frame the first dollar bill—originally mine—that had ever come over the bar. And believe me or not, friends, the yellow letters on the blue sign said, "Anheuser-Busch Ice Cream."

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

Patrolman Henry K. Robinson, Shield No. 11226, holds that people ask him more silly questions than any other cop in town. His station is at the foot of Brooklyn Bridge and he meets people from anywhere from Brooklyn to Australia.

I STAGGERED out into the sunset and, bewildered, rounded the Park Row-Beekman-Nassau Street flatiron before finding my buggy. Vaguely I remember passing what once was Fred's Buffet Bar, in Beekman Street, and the site of the onetime Umbrella Beer Saloon, at Beekman and Nassau. And where once the aristocratic, prematurely white-haired Fred—the greatest high baritone in his entire home town of New Dorp—had tickled cocktails with a crested sterling spoon on dark old mahogany was now a sign announcing Ground Gripper Shoes. We wanted no ground grippers in Fred's day. We entered Fred's to soar to the clouds.

What once was the Umbrella Beer Saloon, a literary filling station, is now a Solow Clothes Shop—slang, I

Since croquet days in the early forties Whitman's have been the sweets preferred by sports lovers.

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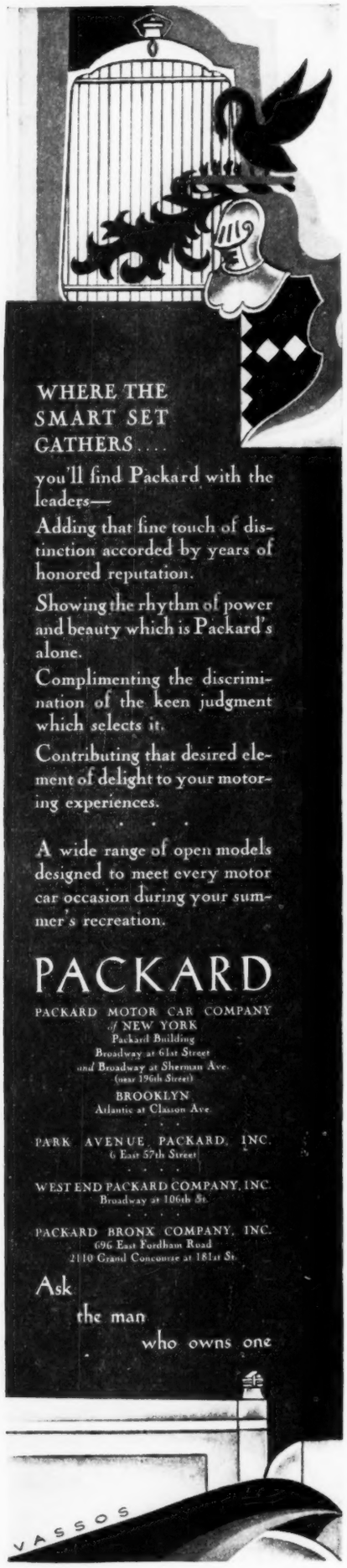
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suppose, for Shoppe. "Home of the Solow Soloists." So ran the sub-title on the windows. Soloists were discouraged in the old Umbrella days. We sang always in chorus, and our two favorite numbers of the twilit cocktail hour were songs written by Newton Booth Tarkington. One was a ballad, chorused slowly in a minor key, entitled "They Were Trying an Old Lady for the Stealing of a Horse," a beautiful thing. The other was a resounding sort of rocked-in-the-cradle-of-the-deep sea song for deep-bass choir entitled "A Son of the Beach Am I." Tarkington never wrote anything better.

Driving along, I saw savings-bank signs where Mouquin's Ann Street bar once stood, at the old Haan's in Park Row, and where once was the glory of the ancient Astor House circle of damp mahogany. Thus the Cocktail Trail ran from worse to worst. Where there wasn't a snare to tempt the youth of today to squander his money on suits of clothes there was a savings bank to swallow the Park Row pay envelope as a sacrifice to capitalism. Living was simpler in the great days. We gave our cash to Crowley and signed the tabs at Jack's.

A sign, "The State Bank & Trust Company," where the Holland House bar once dripped, caused me to whip up the roans and race toward the old Waldorf bar. Memories of my last visit to the bar of the Waldorf came back to me—a business trip to interview Doctor Cook, in the course of which Doc drank nine green mints, eight of which I paid for. One round, I distinctly remember, was on the house. Now the bar contains offices of "The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad," whatever that may be.

I NEVER reached Jack's that night. At midnight I pulled up the roans in front of the old Knickerbocker bar, long the home of our Forty-second Street Country Club, and gazed upon what was left, which was nothing, of the club's old golf course. Wilson Mizner, Paul Armstrong, and I, I remember, were the original greens committee, and we laid out the course one night in the spring of 1909 between midnight and dawn. And a good job it was. The first tee, I recall, was the Knickerbocker bar, and the first hole was at the bar of George Considine's original Metropole, just across Broadway. The second hole was at Shanley's, in Times Square. There were holes at Rector's and Jim

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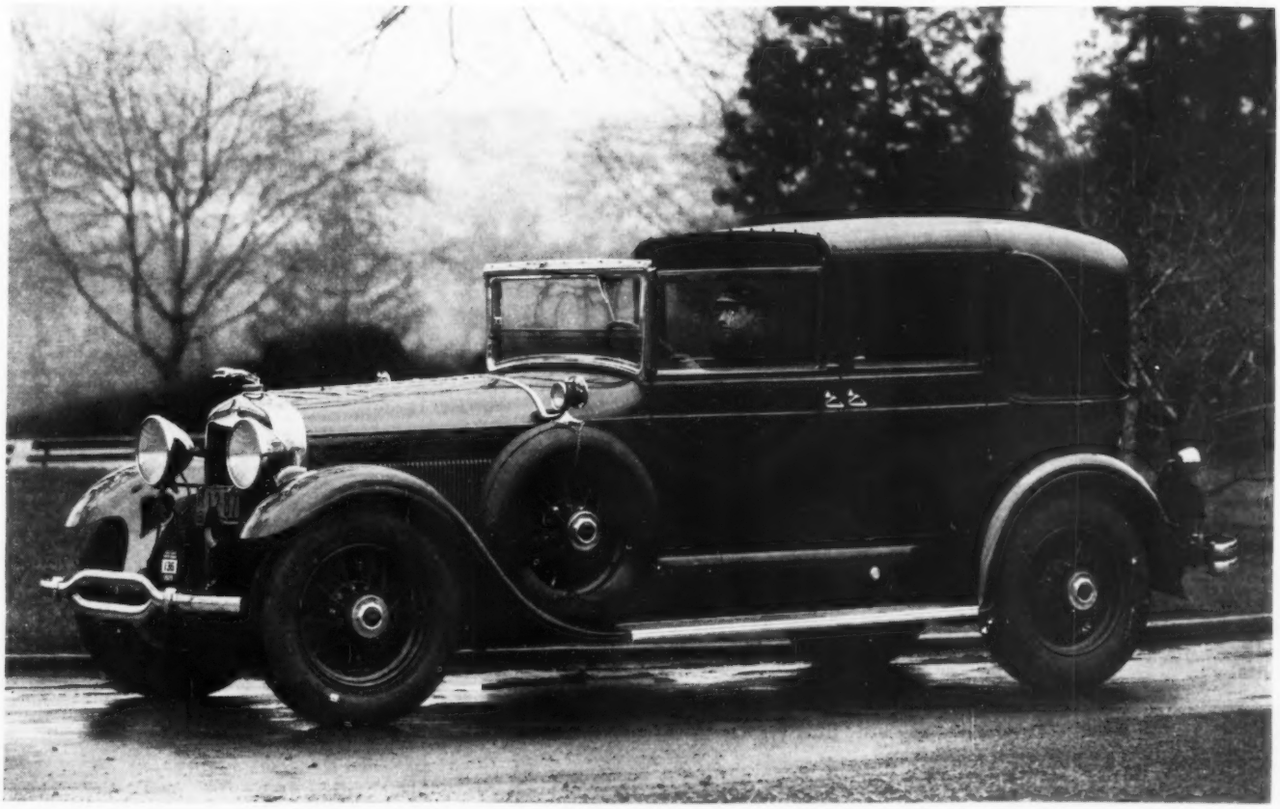

A Brunn all-weather semi-collapsible Cabriolet, the property of Charles L. Lawrance, Esq., of New York, photographed upon his estate. Mr. Lawrance is President of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation

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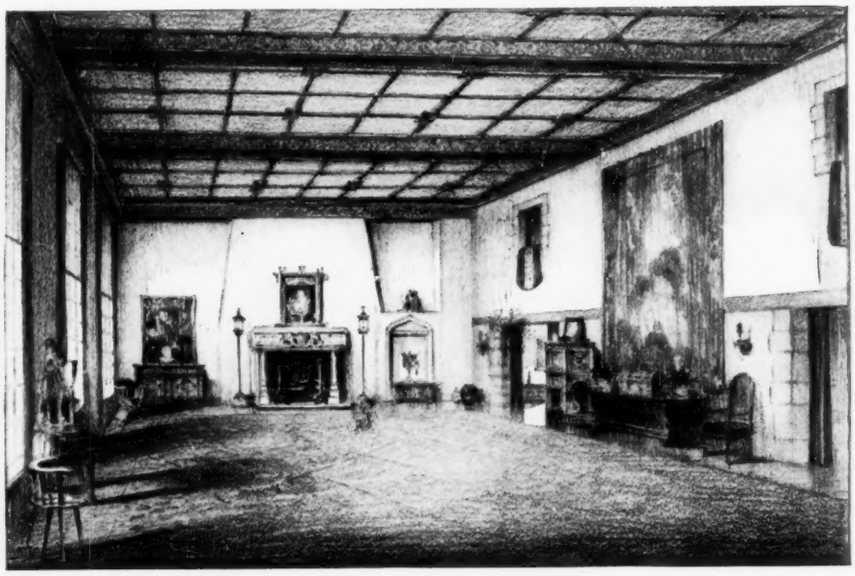

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Churchill's, and then the long fifth, a tough baby—nine hundred and sixty-eight yards—with the flag tied to a bung starter at Pabst's Columbus Circle place of business. It was a nine-hole course, ending at Jack's. . . . Gone, all gone.

I WAS still brooding over the desolation when round the corner came Mr. Mason Peters, the first and only chairman of the house committee of the old Forty-second Street Country Club.

Good old Mason! I kissed him. For here was none other than the man who, with some help from me, had founded, one snowy night in Jack's, the Mason Peters Correspondence School of Drinking. But gloom settled upon me again as the professor talked on in measured periods of his new work of Service in Wall Street; what John D., Jr., said to him; what he said to John D. Nothing but bilge and blah. And my gloom grew deeper, until suddenly I noticed an encouraging legend beside a door that was once the Forty-second Street entrance to our old country club.

"Bunn Bros." I liked the name. The Bunn boys sold only food, but we entered. Prof. Peters refused a proffered cigarette and ordered a small steak. But it was not until the professor was answering a question of the waiter's that I realized my pilgrimage might as well end, and that the time had come to sever a beautiful friendship.

"How do you want your steak, sir?" the waiter asked Prof. Peters.

"Well done, thou good and faithful serv—"

"Ah, go to hell!" I shouted and rushed out to the street, into my buggy. I lashed the roans back toward the Applejack Belt of my own great sovereign State of New Jersey, and I broached a new barrel of old apple. And before the following noon—so the wife and her family tell me—ten full years of reform were as if they never had been. I was blotto.

—FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

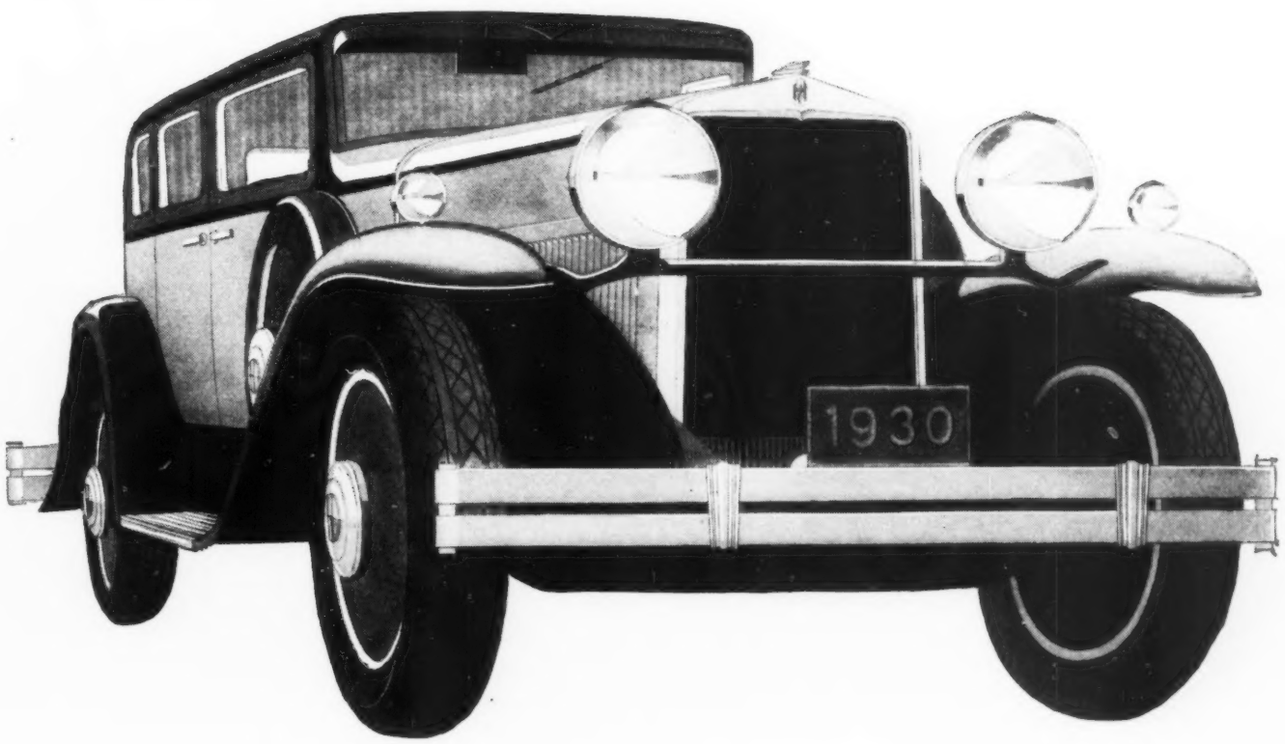
•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From a textile journal*]

Yes, it's true that Dr. Reiner paid $3,000 to fly in the Graf Zeppelin from Lake Konstanz to Lakehurst, New Jersey. He did not do this for fun; it was to study personally the last word in German scientific construction, so that the Hosiery Trade might benefit by his observations.

"THE GOAL OF YEARS HAS BEEN ATTAINED"



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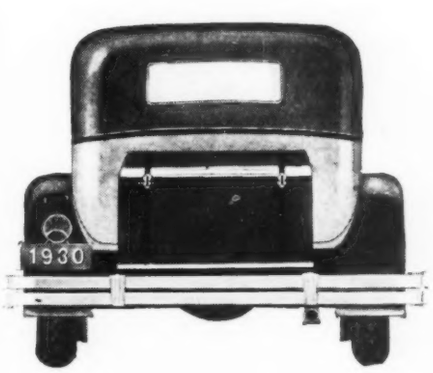

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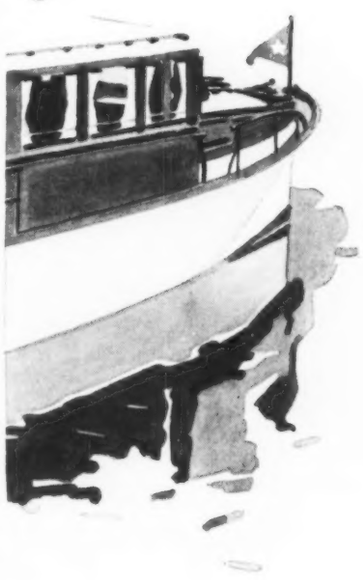

IT IS A FACT that the longer you smoke, the more exacting your taste becomes. The beginner is apt to smoke without discrimination—but as appreciation develops, finer tobacco flavors come into their own.

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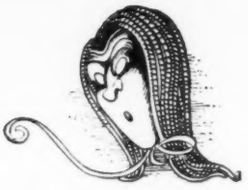

A PLEA FOR BETTER MANNERS

READERS of the book called "Show Boat"—it did used to be just a book, without any music or photography or anything—may recall a scene in which Magnolia Ravenal, while attending the première of a Shaw revival in New York, indulged in an altercation scarcely distinguishable from a scrimmage with a minor character named Woollcott, who was described as a dramatic critic. It seems it was ever Magnolia's habit, when emotionally stirred in the theatre, to clutch the hand of the nearest person. On this occasion the nearest person chanced to be this fellow Woollcott. And at this unwarranted interruption of his attention to the play he replied promptly by slapping the offending hand and then punitively pinching the heroine in a spot not specified by the authoress.

At this sudden and unexpected appearance as a character in fiction I maintained an inscrutable silence. Now, once again, friends are sending me marked copies of another novel in which they detect an intention to caricature your defenseless correspondent. Indeed, it is the implication of their accompanying notes that, just as the late Mr. Whistler took not only umbrage but steps when du Maurier cartooned him in "Trilby" (with the result that the malignant little vignette had to be left out of the story when it appeared in book form, and with the further result that the unexpurgated serial parts were thereby rendered dear to the hearts of collectors a quarter of a century later), so I might care to bring suit against one Charles Brackett for his use of me as a model in "American Colony," the brilliant, penetrating, and poisonous novel just published by the daredevil Horace Liveright. In that work it is true that the reader glimpses a character described as "a tremendous man with tiny extremities" and gold-rimmed glasses, "a person who used to be a dramatic critic," a "competent old horror" much admired by readers addicted to a literary style which is either "clear treacle or pure black bile." He is further pictured as holding up a plump hand, in a kind of traffic-cop's gesture, to check any interruptions to his own conversation, and as moving off from a group with some such informal remark as, "Well, I find you are beginning to disgust me." In the identifying text one of the characters explains: "Evelyn has never forgiven him because once he had seats beyond hers at a first night, and when he wanted to pass he stood in the aisle and bawled ———"

But no. I must not pollute these dainty pages with a liberal quotation from the Brackett text. I can say only that this dramatic critic made audible allusion to the excessive cubic space preempted by the aforesaid Evelyn's abdomen.

"AMERICAN COLONY" had no sooner appeared on the book stalls than I found my household eyeing me with something akin to expectancy. There was that in their eyes which seemed to say: "Now at last he will strike back, now the old mastiff will bring one great, punishing paw down on these Pekinese yapping at his heels."

Up to now, as Al Smith would say, mine has not been a hurt silence, but rather one of embarrassment, due to my private opinion that, with all the bad-will in the world, these caricatures have made me into rather a charming figure. You will detect this in common between their sketches—an effort to suggest that I have at times been rude in the theatre. But in this effort I think they have failed signally. How could they do otherwise, when I, in my time, have been the most scrupulously polite member of the great American audience? An onlooker who would seize upon such minor, superficial, and irrelevant brusqueries as are caricatured above and from them deduce that I was an especially rude playgoer, would, I think, upon entering a street in which sundry men were committing assault, homicide, arson, and mayhem, point with horror rather at one innocent bystander and say, "See that dreadful man! He is biting his nails."

I object to their sense of values, and claim this as my epitaph:

"Here lies all that is mortal, which is saying a good deal, of Alexander Woollcott. He attended three thousand first nights without once coughing or whispering when the curtain was up."

OCCASIONALLY the long-suffering actors strike back. They are, indeed, the chief sufferers. For every sound made by a sibilant audience, every syllable whispered by a gabby playgoer to her escort, is flung across the footlights as from an amplifier. Indeed, it is one of the perversities of the black art called acoustics that no architect has as yet designed a theatre wherein the stage is so exquisitely audible to the auditorium as the auditorium is to the stage.

In her time Mrs. Fiske, loath to intrude on the private conversations of her audience, has considerately had the curtain lowered in the middle of a scene. This was an admirable Mansfield custom which has lamentably been allowed of late years to fall into disuse. Jane Cowl, then, was but following a fine and honored tradition the other evening at The Hub when she halted the performance of her new comedy called "Jenny" so that some chatty Bostonians in the balcony would be free to finish their little talk unmolested by the gabble of the actors on the stage. When the act was over the rest of the audience rose *en masse* and cheered the lovely Miss Cowl for her intervention in their behalf.

The late Henry Miller was more indirect. He had occasion once to silence a fashionable, bejewelled, and loquacious box-party that came to his play for all the world as if it were some wretched thing by Richard Wagner through which the socially prominent were *supposed* to talk. It was at the theatre in Newport, in the half-forgotten days when that Rhode Island town was often used for September tryouts of plays on their way to New York. In the course of the comedy there was a line in Mr. Miller's rôle which alluded to the abiding truth of the old adages.

"Including," he added on this occasion, with a murderous glance toward the dressy muckers in the box, "including the one which says: 'Money talks.'"

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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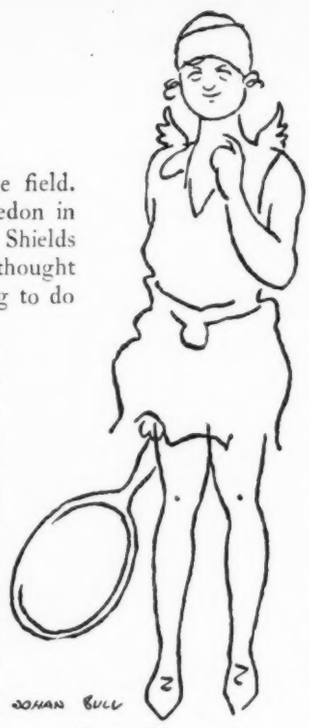
THE TENNIS COURTS

The Older Generation—Tilden's Revenge—
Miss Wills Takes the Week Off—Predictions

WILLIAM TILDEN and Frank Hunter may be aging veterans, but they can still put aspiring youngsters in their places when their paths cross in championship play. The success of Tilden and Hunter in coming through to the final of the Eastern turf-court championship at the Westchester Biltmore Country Club last week, the first singles tournament in which they have engaged since their return from Europe, makes it fairly evident that the rising generation will have its work cut out to place a finalist in the all-comers tournament at Forest Hills in September.

It is true, George Lott, John Hennessey, John Van Ryn, and Wilmer Allison were missing at Rye, but H. W. Austin of England, who is as good as any of them, was there; and he could no more stop the advance of Tilden and Hunter than could John Doeg, Berkeley Bell, Gregory Mangin, Julius Seligson, Eddie Jacobs, Frank Shields, Junior Coen, and J. Gilbert Hall, all of whom were in the field. Austin beat Hunter at Wimbledon in June, and after his match with Shields in an early round last week I thought that he was going to do it again.

Hunter hasn't the style of Austin. (What wouldn't he give to have Austin's backhand!) He hasn't Austin's mobility or resourcefulness; but he has got a formidable forehand drive, and he wears like iron. Also, he has acquired a damaging lob from his association with Tilden in doubles, and this lob played a large part in beating Austin. It broke up Austin's net game, and undermined his stamina after Hunter's forehand had pounded him out of his back court. Austin had little left in reserve after winning the fourth set at 6–1, and Hunter took the fifth by the same score.



Betty Nuthall

ANOTHER player who failed to compete in the singles at Rye—much to the regret of Tilden—was Fritz Mercur. Last year Mercur defeated Tilden in this tournament, and one of the reasons Tilden entered the lists there this year was to have an opportunity to even the score. When Mercur, after winning the Southampton Bowl, decided that he needed a rest, Tilden didn't conceal his disappointment.

They did, however, finally come to grips before the tournament was over, for Mercur played in the doubles with Gilbert Hall, while Tilden was entered with Hunter. They met in the semi-finals; and I haven't seen better doubles since Vincent Richards and Dick Williams were winning championships together in 1925 and 1926. The match started around six o'clock, and at eight the stands were still fairly well filled with spectators. Tilden made shots that were unbelievable, and never have I seen him use more cunning or employ his stratagems with as much determination and concentration. He was the Tilden of 1925, holding the gallery enthralled with his superlative strokes and his daring generalship; and when he put over two cannonball service aces in the tenth game of the third set—when Mercur and Hall stood at set point each time—he brought the house down.

Mercur was hardly less vivid a figure, though not quite so spectacular. His driving was infallible and beauti-

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Illustrated by ZHENYA GAY. 2d printing.

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fully directed, and his bizarrely angled volleys were fairly breath-taking. Hall and Hunter also rose to great heights, and for two hours the four men were deadlocked in a struggle that left the gallery almost satiated with sensational shots.

Finally, after a sixteen-game third set, the match had to be called on account of darkness, with the score standing 2 sets to 1 in favor of Tilden and Hunter. When play was resumed on the following day, the veterans completed their job, after which Tilden gained a hollow three-set victory over Hunter in the final of the singles. Both men were more interested in the outcome of the doubles than they were in the singles.

THE number of exceptionally good teams brought to light in the tournament indicates that the National doubles championship, starting at Longwood, August 26, is not going to lack fireworks in spite of the fact that neither the French nor the Australians will be represented this year. Van Ryn and Allison swept the boards at Wimbledon and cleaned up again against Germany and France in the Davis Cup doubles, but though they stand as the leading team of the world they face no sinecure at Longwood.

Tilden and Hunter will be there, seeking to regain their lost laurels; Lott, who won with Hennessey last year, will be paired with Doeg this time, a particularly attractive combination; and Lewis White of Texas is coming east for the first time in several years to pair with Bell.

Bell and Mangin have had a remarkable record this season, so it seems a shame for them to break up in order that Bell may represent the Texas Association. They defeated Tilden and Hunter in the final at Southampton, beat Dick Williams and Watson Washburn in the final at Sea Bright, eliminated Austin and J. S. Olliff, the English team, at Rye, and there met Tilden and Hunter in the title round last Sunday.

Women's doubles in this country may not be on the same high plane that they are in England, as was shown by the Wightman Cup matches, but in men's doubles the United States is producing more than its quota of strong teams.

THE women's singles field at Rye was not up to the standard of the men's, although most of the promising younger players were there, Miss Sarah

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A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

Palfrey of Boston and Miss Mary Greef of Kansas City excelling all others. Miss Helen Wills, Miss Helen Jacobs, and Mrs. Molla Mallory, all of whom have played for the Eastern title in the past, decided to take the week off to prepare for the National singles championship now in progress at Forest Hills, while the members of the Wightman Cup team also refrained from competing, although Miss Nuthall and Mrs. Watson appeared for exhibition matches, along with Mrs. L. R. C. Michell and Mrs. B. C. Covell.

One no longer sees the leading women tennis players in action as frequently as one once did. There was a time when Miss Wills made the grand tour of Sea Bright, East Hampton, Manchester, and Rye, but this year, following her return from abroad, she restricted her appearances to the East Hampton doubles and to the Wightman Cup matches, in preparation for the defence of her title in the Women's National championship.

Miss Jacobs, too, is following the example of Miss Wills in limiting her tournament play. It is getting so that if you want to see either of them in action you have to go out to Forest Hills and take your chance of finding them practicing, or else you have to wait for the Wightman Cup matches and the championship.

IT may be entirely of their own volition that Miss Wills and Miss Jacobs are restricting their appearances, but it doesn't do the United States Lawn Tennis Association any harm. There are all the more customers eager to see them at Forest Hills. It wouldn't have been good business policy to have had Miss Wills and Miss Nuthall meet at East Hampton, just as it would not have been good strategy on the part of the English to have used Mrs. Phoebe Watson and Mrs. L. R. C. Michell together in the doubles there prior to the International cup matches. If the play in the championship takes an orderly course, Miss Wills and Miss Nuthall should meet in one semi-final, and Miss Jacobs and Mrs. Watson in the other. If the stadium isn't filled for this card, they might as well give the women's championship to Philadelphia or Boston in the future.—A. D.

•

THE TIMID PROPHET

[*From the Billings (Mont.) Blade*]

THE WEATHER—Friday, generally fair, probably followed by Saturday.

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TEE AND GREEN

Scotch Foursomes—New Clubs and Some Outlaws

THE mixed Scotch foursomes at Fairfield supplied a good deal of evidence to contradict the traditional idea that women can't putt or play approach shots. Maureen Orcutt, for instance, who played with George Voigt, was chipping up to the flag consistently; her mashie cutting under the ball made that resonant, crisp sound that is one characteristic of expert approaching. Often she recovered Voigt's ball from difficult lies so well that his next shot was a cinch. Helen Hicks did all right too; she putted at times a shade better than Driggs, who had a tendency to ring such short ones as his five-footer on the eleventh, which failed to drop after his partner had recovered smartly from a bunker. Even from the tee, the girls weren't outplayed as badly as you'd expect; instead of the 170 yards that used to be tops for a lady's drive, they were getting 210; when she was just right, Miss Orcutt had 250.

MODERN female golfers use heavy clubs. They have replaced the dainty and prettily lacquered "ladies' sets" of ten years ago with clubs that most golfers could have in their bags without embarrassment. In ten years, of course, all clubs have been changed a good deal. They are cheaper and sturdier, and their designs have been variously improved. The mashie has got narrower at the heel, longer in the blade; drivers have broader faces, bigger heads; ribs, at the command of the Royal and Ancient Society of St. Andrews, have disappeared from mashie-niblicks; Americans playing abroad have learned to do without steel shafts.

Several old-fashioned clubs with raffish names and interesting uses have been outlawed and are no longer manufactured. The slender jigger has been broadened and thinned into a No. 3 iron; the bobby has vanished without descendants. The spade-mashie grew out of a marriage between a mashie and a mashie-niblick. People who learn to play golf nowadays never hear about

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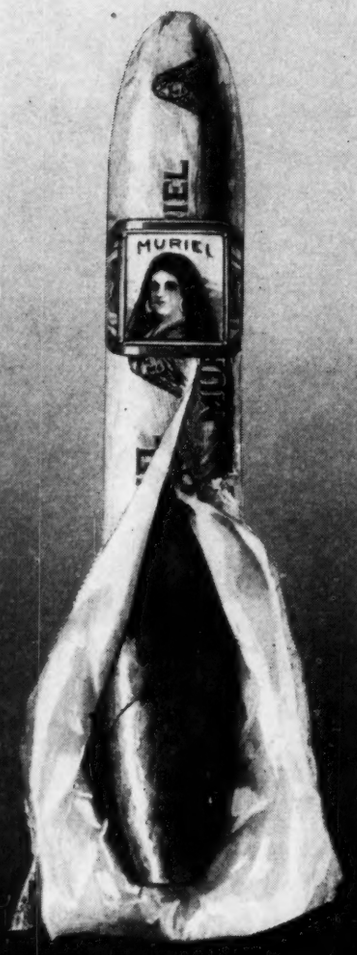

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a sammy or a cleek, for standardization has taught them to speak of clubs by numbers instead of names. When you look over the implements of ten or twelve professionals, you find them very much alike. If the players are tournament competitors of the first rank, half of them will use George Nichol irons. The woods will vary more. Henry Ciuci has three brassies in his bag—Heron, Hagen, and Sarazen specials. Bobby Jones' Jack White driver has a round depression no bigger than a dime in the centre of its face, left there by impact with thousands of balls perfectly hit. Densmore Shute has a freak club—a jigger with a strip of lead roughly soldered on its back. Probably the most famous club in the world, with the exception of Calamity Jane, Jones' split-shafted, tape-wound putter, is Joe Kirkwood's spade-mashie, a club he made himself, and which he plays his vaudeville shots with. Its face is punched full of holes, it is weighted with lead, and on its flank is cut its name: Tricks.

SIDELIGHTS FROM RECENT TOURNAMENTS: Watts Gunn's 310-yard drive on the thirteenth at Fairfield. . . . Little Virginia Wilson stretching her legs to keep up with Max Marston. . . . An elderly, corpulent lady in white, who strolled across the eighth fairway while Helen Hicks was getting ready to drive. . . . The wooden tees, magnified a thousand to one, that an equipment company is putting up as ads. . . . George Voigt trying to get out of a bunker with a spoon. . . . The spectator with a poncho strapped to his belt. . . . The fellow from Biloxi amazed and disappointed to find there was no crap game, explaining that when southerners play mixed golf there is always a crap game, and that he expected the one at Fairfield to be a whale of a big game. —N. B., JR.

•

In the center of the table where Mr. and Mrs. Nathan were seated was a miniature train.—*Parkersburg (W. Va.) News.*

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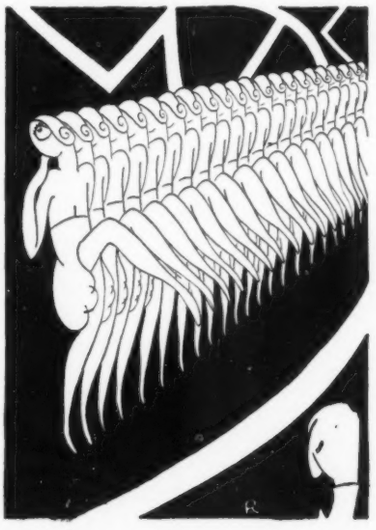
THE THEATRE

ANDERSON'S WHAT NOT ET AL

UNQUESTIONABLY the best-looking show in town is "Murray Anderson's Almanac," at Erlanger's, which is billed with the somewhat nauseating subtitle: "A Revusical Comedy."

In the first place, the proscenium of Erlanger's has been fitted with a false inner proscenium lined with boxes and hung with a fantastic curtain, and the effect illustrates Mr. George Jean Nathan's recurrent plaints against our bleak halls of the drama by showing what a theatre should be. It is as full of the promise of gaiety as a circus tent.

The scenes that unroll behind the proscenium are unexampled for taste and visual imagination. They are crowded with the sort of things and costumes which interior-decorator patter labels "amusing." They are magnificent in color; they show a real knowledge and feeling for period. For the setting of one song a silhouette comes alive; for another, a shelfful of gold and white bibelots dance; for a third (strictly modern), skyscrapers begin to revolve vertiginously as young hoofers pound wild measures in the streets before them.



The whole effect, however, is that of being shown through a beautiful house by the enthusiastic and rather tedious hostess. "Hell," one wants to say. "Don't show me any more fringes. Gimme a drink."

The "Almanac" hasn't the personality to support its upholstery, nor has it the music. One smashing song hit, one devastatingly beautiful girl, or one conqueringly strident comedian would turn it into a wow. As it stands, it's just a good show.

Of the people entangled in its draperies Jimmie Savo is the most arresting, and his rendition of two old sob songs and his curious, shrunken dances provide real moments.

Several of the sketches are amusing, and "The Big Eye-dea 'Knock Wood'" gets three stars in this Baedeker. "Homework," "The Age in Which We Live," and "Golden Rod" deserve mention, as does "Whoops," a sketch by Noel Coward, which has been interpreted as an episode in the life of the beloved Whoops Sisters, with injury both to the Whoops Sisters and the sketch.

I find that I have omitted to state that there is the adaptation of an Oscar Wilde story which is the established trademark of a Murray Anderson revue. This time it is "The Young King." While not a great admirer of Wilde's parable style, I must admit that after an evening of modern New Yorkese these mauve, overripe sentences are rather pleasing to the ear.

AT the Waldorf, "Jerry for Short," by William A. Grew, dramatizes a society of which Mr. George M. Cohan has been the chief historian. In it rich, golden-hearted, charming Irish people are snubbed unmercifully by dowagers who look down their noses and through be-diamonded lorgnettes at the poor wretches and make extraordinarily frank speeches about breeding and social position.

The Hartwells, who are so victimized in "Jerry for Short," enjoy a brief triumph because it turns out that their butler and maid are really a lord and lady before whom the chief dowager grovels. Relying on these social buttresses, the Hartwells issue invitations to a great rout, but no one comes. It has been announced in the papers that the titles don't really belong to the butler and maid. It seems as

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though the hopeless battle must begin all over again; but John Hartwell has fallen in love with the maid, and a letter from dear Lady Grayson to the dowager saying that the maid once saved her life makes everything miraculously all right.

Fiske O'Hara plays John Hartwell with such nudges at the audience that one expects to find a bruise over one's ribs after the play. He sings some songs in an intermission, and about the whole affair there's an intimate atmosphere faintly redolent of boiled onions.

"DINNER IS SERVED," by Alan Mowbray, at the Cort, is a polite comedy with a bad case of adenoids. In it a spoiled little wife, bored with her husband's reliability, goads him into familiarity with the kitchenmaid, then gets her father to flirt with the maid so that the girl won't talk to the neighbors. Shortly thereafter the husband's best friend convinces the husband that the wife should marry him, and about then, dizzy from seeing maudlin premises chased to half-witted conclusions, I left and had another look at the "Almanac." —CHARLES BRACKETT

•

IMAGE

Sunken in the glassy stream,
Is this the country of my dream?
The land enchanted eyes may see
In longing or in memory
But nowhere else? The blossoms here
No hand may pluck; no eager ear
Can catch the song, bubbling and cool,
Of thrush reflected in the pool.
No traveller may set his feet
Between the rue and meadow-sweet
Of mirrored fields more green and still
Than is the slowly sloping hill
Of actual earth. A sky more deep
Here arches below boughs asleep,
And rippling air in hanging trees
Seems sweet with unknown fragrances.
How often on your brink I stand,
O promised and forbidden land,
Beyond a bridge no step has crossed,
Beheld always—and always lost!

—JEAN BATCHELOR

•

The life guard, although off duty at the time, saw the man's plight and plunged in after him, although he was dressed for the street. He rescued this man, and today he has a wife and baby. —*From a letter to the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

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HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS: OR, ELMER AMONG THE ELEMENTS

[From Our Fire Island Correspondent]

YOUR correspondent, at the beginning of summer, was by no means at his best. He was getting practically no sleep at all, what with helping Michel and Louis close up the place for the night and tumbling out in time to see the children off to school in the morning. Fresh air was something that drifted up to the windows of his apartment only after it had been carefully filtered through the layer of carbon monoxide that overhangs the traffic; and the light of day fell on him only occasionally and furtively on his emergence from the subway. In short, your correspondent was run down. A complete change of air and habits seemed indicated, and he came down to Fire Island to get back to the elements.

Down here, he has been leading an extremely healthy life. He sleeps ten hours a night, there being nothing else to do except on Saturdays, when they dance at the Casino; he spends all the daylight hours soaking in the life-giving ultra-violet rays and splashing in the briny and invigorating surf; he draws in, at every breath, a couple of lungfuls of ozone, uncontaminated by carbon monoxide among the sand dunes where there is as yet, praise God, no motor road, and accordingly no motors; and as for Bacardi and similar first aids to the neurasthenic, they were left behind on Manhattan, as being out of keeping with the elemental life. In short, your correspondent has been doing what any doctor would recommend without hesitation, and the shock pretty nearly killed him.

THE trouble is that down here on the shore you have to get used to a new set of elements. The ancients, in their primitive way, listed the elements as earth, air, fire, and water; but on Manhattan we have changed all that. Our elements are (*a*) Grover Whalen, (*b*) the traffic which Mr. Whalen regulates, to put it jocosely, and (*c*) the Interborough Subway. Once you have learned to live in the same town with Mr. Whalen, the traffic, and the subway you can ignore earth, air, fire, and water. But when you get as far away as Fire Island you find that the primitive elements still count for something.

This remote sandbar, as every schoolboy knows, got its name from the fires that were built along the shore to mislead unwary mariners, in the days when all the inhabitants made their living as wreckers. That is all ancient history now; the manly art of shipwrecking has fallen into disuse, and your correspondent has not even seen any residents who look like home-wreckers, though you never can tell what may be concealed under a demure demeanor and seventeen coats of tan, which is about all they are wearing this summer. Since everybody lives in shingle cottages and the wind always blows, they no longer have any fires on Fire Island if they can help it; but once in a while they can't help it, and those occasions are something of a surprise for the New Yorker who is used to thinking of fire as merely something that sets the pretty sirens screaming, and makes the shiny engines roll. Fire is a different matter when everybody labors with hand extinguishers and a bucket line to save the surrounding property. They can save it if the wind changes in time; but even if it is saved, as your correspondent's was saved lately, the chances are that the margin was so narrow that everything was carried out of your house and all

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the neighboring houses, by the united efforts of the entire community. Yes, indeed; they carry it back, very scrupulously. But since you cannot expect a lot of strangers who are sorting out heaps of furnishings dropped in the shrubbery to remember exactly where everything came from, you and the neighbors will be busy for a week getting things straightened out. By the time you have traded a mattress for an autographed copy of "Loose Ladies," and a gate-leg table for a coffee pot and a box of cigars, you have had a good education in relative values.

YES, the elements are very elemental hereabouts. In town, the ocean is known to your correspondent only in the much diluted, not to say polluted, form of Flushing Bay, distantly visible from his front windows. Down here you cannot help seeing it all the time unless you look the other way; and even then you hear it, making a surprising and continuous noise. People who live near the Elevated will easily get used to this incessant rumble, but we can't all live near the Elevated. It is a nice ocean when the tide is right and the waves are not too high; but there are times when you look for the life guard as eagerly as if he were the man who had promised to meet you in the theatre lobby with the tickets at eight twenty-five.

To wind, water, and fire some would add a fourth element—garbage, which by now would be heaped so high on the beach as to shut off completely a view of the ocean if the local laborers did not go around and bury it every morning.

Fortunately Fire Island is well outside the citrus-fruit-and-vegetable belt which centres around Long Beach and the Rockaways; only once in a while does a discarded orange or slightly used grapefruit drift ashore here to remind us that only fifty miles away, New Yorkers are still eating breakfast, and probably being disagreeable over it, too. What comes ashore, this far out, is mostly wood and glass—barrels, boxes, bottles, and electric-light bulbs. Especially electric-light bulbs; and milk-of-magnesia bottles—every morning the beach is blue with them.

THE educational value of this daily deposit was not perceived by Fire Islanders until this summer, when Professor Rudolph Schwartzwalder, the well-known archeologist, honored us with a visit. Curiously enough, he has never been in New York. Professor

Schwartzwalder, known for his informative excavations in Knossos and Ur of the Chaldees, was immensely interested in the garbage deposits.

"What is it," Professor Schwartzwalder asked of a tepidly interested audience on the beach this morning, "that archeological excavation usually discloses in the ruins of ancient cities? The tombs of kings? Those are pieces of rare good fortune. No, what we usually find is rubbish such as this. Potsherds, mostly, and fibulae." (For the benefit of the lay reader, it may be explained that a safety pin five thousand years old is known as a fibula.) "From these pathetic remnants of the everyday life of races long since vanished, the trained investigator can reconstruct a whole civilization.

"For instance," continued Professor Schwartzwalder to an audience consisting by this time solely of your correspondent, who had cut his foot on a broken bottle while trying to escape, "though I have never been in New York, I have formed an exact picture of the life of New York from the archeological evidence deposited here. The excessive number of electric-light bulbs, the character of the bottles, point inevitably to one conclusion: New York is a city whose inhabitants sit up all night drinking milk of magnesia. Indeed, it may even be conjectured . . ."

At this point, however, your correspondent hobbled out of earshot.

P. S.—As we go to press it has just been announced that Mrs. Gertrude Vollmagen, forty-two, of 369 Fort Washington Avenue, has won the medal annually offered by the Know-Your-Own-Garbage Association. A milk-of-magnesia bottle tagged with her name and address, which Mrs. Vollmagen sent down the dumbwaiter of her apartment house just before leaving home on June 30, was picked up by her on the Fire Island beach on August 14. This betters the previous record by four hours and thirty-two minutes. —ELMER DAVIS

Harvard is the oldest college in the United States. The first class was formed is 1638 and graduated in 1842.—*Boston Globe.*

After what seems to have been difficulty.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, AUGUST 19

COMPLAINING LOUDLY, LADY BUYERS NEVERTHELESS INVESTING HEAVILY IN PATOU TRAILING SKIRTS AND CHANEL FITTED WAISTLINES. OLD ORTHODOXES MIGHT AS WELL BREAK DOWN AND GIVE IN BECAUSE WE ARE ALL TO HAVE SPINDLE SHAPES. PATOU PUTS SILVER FOX AROUND THE LEGS, DIAMONDS AROUND THE THROAT, AND USES DAHLIA COLORINGS. EVERYWHERE CHANEL GOES DEMURE WITH PIQUÉ COLLARS BY DAY AND PINK NET AND LACE IN ANKLE LENGTHS BY NIGHT. MOLYNEUX CONSERVATIVE BUT FAR FROM DULL. USES TWEED DETACHABLE SKIRTS AND UNLINED COATS OVER SILK DRESSES. ADVISE GOING HEAVY ON FURS BUT EASY ON VELVET. BLACK IS SAFE AND SWELLER THAN EVER. B. M.

PARIS, AUGUST 14

THERE are no surprises to register. One week of winter collections has gone by, and as yet there is nothing more startling than the substantiation of prophecies: that French designers are going in seriously for really long skirts; that swaybacks and curved lines at the waist are going to be emphasized; that a dozen new kinds of velvets are to be launched; and that browns and greens will be good. Black is seen everywhere, of course, but in Paris that is no news.

MAGGY ROUFF made a contribution to black fashions in a dozen or so tailored black-broadcloth dresses. She also offered some black-velvet suits that combine finger-tip coats with skirts that fit the figure closely, all fullness coming from inverted pleats and godets at the front below the knees. The tuck-in blouses with these were of lamé chiffon, tied high with big floppy bows of the fabric.

The mannequins at Maggy Rouff were consistent in their accents—bright-red costume jewelry, with bright and oh-so-red fingernails. These with dark, vivid blue and black evening clothes. Elbow-length gloves for evening were either of black or a fleshy pink—always of suede. It was a grand show.

Among the new materials, take a look at: Grand Bouille—a long cape, short jacket, and skirt of tweed in varying degrees of thickness, with the pattern varying too; at Zigzag—a gray-tweed suit with a wide black-fox facing on its short jacket; at Sa Façon—a coat and dress in two versions of a diagonal woollen; at Le Remou—a dress of a new silk called "moire diaphane."

J. SUZANNE TALBOT, as I have said before, has gone Russian. Yet as I look over my notes I recall the costume Marahna—a Daughter India dress of Bianchini's new red lamé with gold dots and border. The tight gold cap (worn back off the forehead), the loose gold belt, and the necklace are a repetition of five or six other outfits distinctly Oriental.

The Talbot culottes are not as fantastic as you might imagine. She shows them first with St. Moritz tweeds, then with finer tweed town suits, then with afternoon clothes and evening dresses. They are seldom visible; possibly because they are so adroitly fitted in below the knees, and because they are of the same material as the dress they accompany.

If the Talbot flare had not been so expected, the furs might have created more of a stir. Breitschwanz and soft poulain for skirts, baby-lamb gloves (Talbot gloves, incidentally, are all worn loosely, even on the fingers), and caracul caps are not to be worn by everyone, but they've a way about them. The white-velvet evening jacket with the white-fox sleeves was the only one I didn't like.

BEFORE reporting Nicole Groult, or rather because of her, I may as well list some of the new colors. Groult's best reds are those called "malaga," and the shade in an outfit named Burgundy-Bordeaux. You can picture that for yourself. There is a lot of *laque* red everywhere, as well as another one with a bluish tinge that reminds you of *sang-de-bœuf* vases. The dark greens are darker than bottle, except in evening clothes, when they have the yellowish tinge needed to liven them up under night lights. Slate, pervenche blues, raisin, a yellow called "champagne," aquamarine—I'll not attempt to list the browns.

In Bis Bis, Groult does an excellent job of the double coat—the outer one

"No, it isn't taupe I want. I don't like beige and I can't abide egge. For God's sake, name some colors!"

WHERE THERE'S A *Gas Refrigerator* IN THE KITCHEN . . .

you're sure to find a good apartment

CHOOSE a good apartment as you choose a good man—not by front—but by what's inside. Look at the more or less hidden but essential equipment that you have to live with, day after day—look at the automatic Refrigerator, for example.

There's been a big swing to Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator, on the part of architects and builders within the past year. They are making it standard equipment for the newer, smarter type of apartment house all over the country. It fits right in with present-day needs. So simple, so efficient, so inexpensive. No machinery to get out of order. Hence practically foolproof. No moving parts. Consequently, not a whisper of sound. Think what this means, especially in a small apartment!

People never cease to marvel at the way the Electrolux works. Just a tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water—and not a sound, not a bit of trouble—twenty-four hours a day, year after year. No starting, no stopping, no whirring.

Unbiased, nationally known authorities have put this refrigerator through all kinds of tests under all sorts of conditions. The answer is always the same—no one has ever found any reason why Electrolux should ever get noisy or wear out.

The happy young couple below give thanks for their Chef Model Electrolux. This model, with 7 cubic feet of food space, and freezing 50 large ice cubes at one time, is perfection itself for the larger apartment.

When drinks are served, nothing cools them quite as well as perfect ice cubes—of which Electrolux makes plenty.

Another astonishing thing about Electrolux is its low operating cost. A few cents a day, a dollar or two on your monthly gas bill—and that is all it costs to operate. Much less than the cost of ice. Think of that! And for such a small sum it freezes ice cubes, maintains constant, steady cold inside the box, without any effort whatever on your part.

If you want to know more about this remarkable refrigerator, write or telephone us for complete illustrated information. Or call at the gas company's nearest display room. You will find many models of Electrolux on display—in Crystal Green and Silver Grey finishes as well as gleaming white. Servel Sales, Inc., 50 E. 42d St., New York City. Telephone, Vanderbilt 5700.

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

Such wit *in a Steak*

Commonplaces expressed with a new turn—a dash of humor—wit we call it. But wit in a steak? Yes!—when infused with a rare flavor—sherry, made by Guasti. Its distinctive savor regales the palate—enlivens the dinner with a spirit of infectious cheer.

A good deal to expect from a flavor—but Guasti Cooking Sherry is more than just a seasoning. It is fine old sherry—sherry that has made the name Guasti known to connoisseurs the world over—with salt added to remove it from the beverage class, yet just enough to season foods for the average taste.

Guasti Cooking Sherry is now legally available at all leading grocers. There are other valuable *Guasti Cooking Aids*, too, including Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Sauce a la Bercy, Sauce a la Bordelaise, Sauce a la Newburg, Sweet Port Flavoring, Sweet Sauterne Flavoring. Also, *Guasti Wine Jellies* in six varieties: Port, Sherry, Burgundy, Sauterne, Tokay and Muscatel. Each brings a new appeal to modern-day services. Try them!

(Permit No. L.A. Cal. H10033)

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being fur collar, facing, and hem, and the coat underneath being furless except for a separate fur scarf. The fur is black caracul; the fabrics, two weights of a green diagonal woollen. Muscovie-Muscova, another dark-green ensemble, suggests its full, sudden flare by its name.

THERE are some nice details about the collection designed by Marie Georgette for the House of Lenief. Skirts are the wee-est bit shorter in front; even those of heavy diagonals that have fullness put in with umbrella pleats. Evening gowns have zigzag décolletage, and a shoulder line that suggests epaulettes. There are capes for evening and for sports—one of the latter being worn with leather shirt, wool skirt, plus fours, plaid wool stockings, and gaiters.

Lenief velvets are the ultimate in transparency. Some of them are merely velvet stripes and dots on chiffon; some are pressed in furry patterns, but still sheer. I liked best of all a black dress called L'Abbé—a velvet flower pattern on a satin background, with incrusted plastron and six-inch cuffs of hand-drawn and hand-worked handkerchief linen.

LAST-MINUTE HIGHLIGHTS ON THE LELONG COLLECTION: Three new colors—Lelong green (a grayed olive), Lelong blue (grayed aquamarine), and Lelong chestnut. . . . The reappearance of "afternoon" dresses. . . . Indoor jackets with three-quarter sleeves—sometimes with fur edging the sleeves only. . . . Printed taffeta, patterned lamé, tulle with flat embroidery in big flowered patterns combined with plain tulle, and velvet printed in big, loose flower designs—all these for evening! . . . Lelong himself saying (in his booklet comparing 1830 with 1930) that "waistlines can be where they ought to be according to the figure which the dress adorns, the skirt lengths ditto." . . . And Madame Lelong herself, despite the brightly frocked mannequins, wearing black chiffon with smoky crystal jewelry.

—B. M.

THIS AND THAT

Gloved Gaiety—Be Your Own Bookie—The Last Scents of Summer

IT looks as if evening gloves were definitely with us, despite the screams and yells of this department.

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THE day of the lobster palace is gone . . . but still with us is that king of all sea foods . . . Lobster a la Newburg. And now, *for the first time*, you can have it at home . . . just as it is served in the famous Hotel Sherman. There's no trouble preparing College Inn Lobster a la Newburg—it is ready to serve. You'll find it a welcome dish. All good food shops sell it. College Inn Food Products Co., Chicago.

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Chicken a la King . . .
Welsh Rarebit . . . Tomato Juice Cocktail
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We have the apartment to solve your apartment problem

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All Paris sojourners, whether amateur funmakers or working girls, report them; the majority stating that three-button suede gloves, elbow-length and wrinkled down on the forearm, were predominating. Pale pink, cream, and a very light putty shade are the favored colorings, though black is offered and will undoubtedly be worn. Many of the couturiers are showing special gloves, which will appear on these shores shortly. In the meantime, Jay-Thorpe has some elegant ones.

TO give an additional fillip to early-autumn proceedings, Lucien Lelong is bursting forth with a shining star of a powder-box. About two inches square, very, very thin, and made of red, primrose, mauve, green, or black enamel edged with silver. A round section, also piped with silver and adorned with the Lelong monogram, lifts up in the centre to reveal either a powder compact or a powder sifter and lip-rouge combination. Nothing more charming or more expensive-looking has smote this weary eye in many seasons. Look for them in a couple of weeks (not before, mind) in your favorite department stores.

THERE is a new game for the childish that concerns horses and is to be found at Schwarz. It is called Escalado. A linen racetrack is clamped to each end of a dining-room table. The horses, nifty little tin ones with alert jockeys upon their spines, are then placed upon the track and jig down it at breakneck speed when Massa turns a wooden crank and makes the racetrack shiver. Bets, needless to say, according to inclination. Price, $4.50.

AND, just tagging along at the end of a long weary summer, Cheramy has produced a new eau de Cologne in floral odors—violet, lavender, fougère, and lilac for the kind gentlemen; sweet pea, mimosa, muguet, rose, and others for the frailer sex. This may be used for a refreshing rubdown after the bath, to place upon a fainting brow, to cleanse the face neatly during dirty motor trips or train rides, and, in general, to make life more cheery.

—L. L.

•

He was associated with the Renova High School faculty for three and a half years, during which time he was actually interested in all school and Alumni functions.—*Palmerston (Pa.) Press.*

Yes, we've heard of cases like that.

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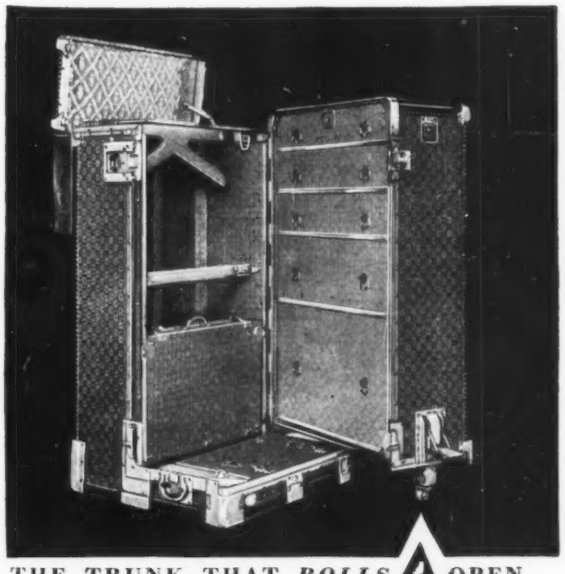

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THE RA

The Yearling Paddock
sand-Dollar Man o'

MORNING visits to the yearling paddocks, and the sales in the evening, are part of every well-arranged Saratoga program. After the early training gallops are over, women in riding kit, men in flannels, and trainers in their working clothes sit by twos and threes on the benches in the shade while the colts and fillies who will run next year are led out for their inspection by negro horse-boys with such names as Chew-Tobacco Bill, Collars and Cuffs, or Once Around. Racing's dilettantes nod sagely as owners discuss the colts' points, recite their pedigrees and the number of winners their families have produced. Trainers squint and change their positions for a better view of a hock or shoulder, like academicians passing on a picture, and make notes in their catalogues as the spidery-legged yearlings are led past at a walk.

Robert L. Gerry and his trainer, George Odom, move from group to group, looking for another Peanuts or Stimulus. William Woodard, in plus fours, an old shooting coat, and a cap, discusses the size paddocks on the farm should be with Louis Beard, majordomo of the Whitney studs. Bill Porter whispers to a friend: "They're standing in line down in Baltimore right now to buy two-dollar tickets on that one." Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt glances casually at High Time colts, remembering Sarazen and Sarazen II. Admiral Cary Grayson and Captain Phil Walker, Virginians and rival breeders, felicitate Colonel Phil Chinn on the excellent quality of his stock. Jack Joyner runs an expert hand over a colt's neck and steps back—this one may join George Widener's string. Gwyn Tompkins shuffles from group to group, puffing his pipe, but he bids high, wide, and handsome for Mrs. Sloan's Brookmeade Stable. And Colonel Tantivy Martingale hears a stablehand on the fringe of the crowd murmur, "There goes my future salary some time, if I git it."

BREEDING thoroughbreds is big business: last year nearly two million dollars were paid for the potential racing material that went under

ACK

—A Forty-Five-Thou-
Beacon Hill Fools 'Em

the hammer. Buying yearlings is the greatest gamble in racing. Ed Bradley will lay you evens that any yearling you name will not win a race the following year—and he wins plenty of bets. Colts that are sold for what good horses used to bring never get to the post; there is Hustle On, who cost $70,000, there is the $40,000 filly Buckram, and so far this year there is New Broom, C. V. B. Cushman's $75,000 purchase of last year. But the Blind Goddess has plenty of votaries in the dress-circle chairs that surround the sales ring.

The sale of the Himyar Stud yearlings always is the climax of the proceedings. Phil Chinn knows how to put on a good show, and this year's was no exception. The colts and fillies were grand-looking individuals: with their gay ribbons, the stable colors, braided in their manes and tails, and with their coats of satin—though I did smell kerosene as a groom was giving the finishing touches. The fifty-four head brought $456,000.

Mrs. Charlie Amory had the distinction of paying the highest price of the sale—and the year: $45,000 for a colt by Man o' War, a strapping chestnut of the true color. The next day she said to me, "Of course it's a high price, but if the colt was worth $20,000, he was worth $45,000, for $20,000 horses have to run against $50,000 ones, and if he wins one classic race he's cheap at the price."

I WOULD suggest the sales management level off the path from the sales ring to the stables. Mrs. Amory's $45,000 yearling stumbled and nearly fell as he was being led out, and so did the Epinard colt for whom Bobby Crawford paid $36,000, the starter of a stable he is acquiring for his wife.

THERE are times when even the most experienced racegoer does not quite know what to make of things. Such a race was the Travers (so-called) Mid-Summer Derby. I object to the "Mid-Summer Derby," for the stake is as old as racing at Saratoga—it was first run in 1864—and needs no adornment. In it Mrs. H. C. Phipps' Hard Tack ran as badly as he did in the Miller Stakes, though he had won the Saranac Handicap; and Walter Salmon's Preakness winner, Dr. Free-

A 2 hour handicap in the dollar chase

MEN who work at high pressure, on whose shoulders rests a daily burden of responsibility, have learned the value of the extra hour. Uninterrupted quiet, when the rest have gone, to clear your desk and pick up the loose ends. Time to give careful thought to what must be done tomorrow.

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AND WALK TO BUSINESS

Wonder what a tooth-brush thinks about?

(Apologies to Briggs)

"HELLO—what's he putting on me now? That's a new one!

"Ah, that freshens you up like a whiff of the Adirondacks. Speaking of vacations, I hope he sticks to this one. I sure need a little refreshment after all the concoctions I've had on me!

"Look what it's doing—taking that tobacco stain off! He never gave me a chance to show what I could do before. Never saw him smile that way.

"Good. He's sold all right. Glad to meet you, Bost!"

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In the jade-and-coral tube

The Smoker's Friend

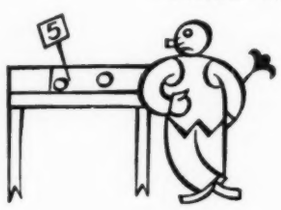
land, and R. T. Wilson's African, whose form impressed me earlier in the week, were out of the picture.

Harry Whitney's Beacon Hill is a colt from whom something always has been expected, but a good deal had always to be left to the imagination. The running of the Travers was the old story of giving a dog a bad name, or of the tortoise and the hare, whichever you prefer. Beacon Hill was not expected to fancy the twelve furlongs, but Robertson, for whom he runs better than Workman, stole away with him to a half-dozen-lengths lead in the first quarter, and the riders of everything else in the race waited confidently for the son of Broomstick to come back to his field. Beacon Hill did nothing of the sort and won at his leisure. Marine, whom Kenneth Dawes bought by cable from Joe Widener the day before the race, did not find any great difficulty in depriving The Nut of second money.

TOMMY MURPHY, who came from the trotters to train the runners of Mrs. Payne Whitney's Greentree Stable, thinks he at last has a good one in Goose Egg, who added the Spinaway Stakes to her list of three starts and as many firsts. She was on the rails behind the first flight while Gifford Cochran's The Beasel made play, until a furlong and a half from home. Mrs. Amory's The Spare then promised to win, but in the last sixteenth Goose Egg slipped through to win easily.

EARL SANDE tells me he will return to the saddle, perhaps before we return to Belmont Park. His venture as an owner, trainer, and (in Maryland and Chicago) rider of his own horses, has been only moderately successful. He expects to dispose of his stable, and this will leave him free to return to his first love. He has had a number of flattering offers, but he would not disclose his preference.

—AUDAX MINOR



PEP AND VIM, 17 and 18, are two girls from Manitoba. Pep is a brunette and Vim is a blonde. They are patients in a Manitoba hospital. They would like to hear from everybody between 17 and 20.—*Notice in Love Romances.*

Well, let's go, everybody!

THE unusual advantages of location and the entirely charming interior arrangements of the two to six room apartments, together with the many innovations for comfort and efficiency at 101 West 55th Street are too numerous to list here.

Wood-burning fireplaces, cedar closets, electric dish washers, refrigeration, incinerator, large foyer halls and detached package delivery room for the reception of supplies entirely outside of apartment proper are but a few of the interesting ones.

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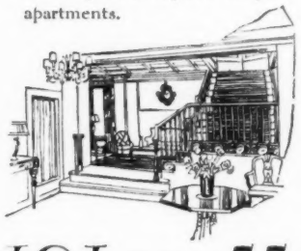

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POLO

One-Man Game—Nobody's Business—On Long Island Fields

AS the season of polo moves on to the serious days of the Open championship and play for the Waterbury Cup, it becomes more apparent than ever that Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., is the greatest player polo has had. The game of Hitchcock has been praised and commented upon to the point of boredom, but there is no escaping the facts. There is no man today in any sport who so dominates his chosen field. In the past two years, since that grand old Roman, Milburn, retired, Hitchcock has really come into his own.

For quite a while this year Hitchcock more or less loafed along, but with the approach of September he has begun to play. Just the other day, with only a few people grouped along the boards of Cochrane Field, he put on one of the most amazing exhibitions of polo the country has seen.

The occasion was a practice match for the newly arrived Eastcott team, and the Britons, with their American leader, the canny Earl W. Hopping, were not ready for any fireworks. They wanted merely to bring their horses along a bit further toward playing condition. Hitchcock, however, felt like polo, and when he feels like polo he carries his teammates along the way a tide carries driftwood. When the pace rose to its highest pitch, the Britons, whose ponies had been underworked, dropped out of things, and Hitchcock was left pretty much alone. The result was an exhibition of pure polo as it can be played by only one man in all the world.

When he goes at his best, Hitchcock is one of the most amazing figures we have in any sport. If this be treason, it is also the truth. The graybeards may argue, but there can never have been a player of the game like Hitchcock.

Incidentally, all this remarkable play of his was from the position of back on a pick-up team. Can you remember long ago in 1927 when Hitchcock was regarded as a No. 2?

WHILE this was taking place, the Aquitania was picking its way

"...ME FOR THE SKY"

"WELL, Betty, I've gone *fast* before—hit 75 in Sam's car one night—but for *thrill* nothing can equal that first time my instructor let me take the stick all by myself—and there I was playing ring-around-a-rosy with the clouds. You can stick to your knitting, you old dear, but me for the sky!"

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The Musical Comedy Knockout **HOLD EVERYTHING!** Bert Lahr Ona Munson Nina Olivette
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Larrimore in *Let us be gay*
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ZIEGFELD Laughing Sensation
EDDIE CANTOR *in* "WHOOPEE"
458 SEATS AT $1.00

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NIGHTS 8:20. COOLED BY FRIGIDAIRE
HALF PRICE MATINEES THURS. & SAT.
Ziegfeld Show Girl
with DOROTHY STONE
CLAYTON, JACKSON & DURANTE

through a fog off the coast, and the next day came poking up the harbor with a certain Captain C. H. Tremayne on board. Captain Tremayne, in a double-breasted suit with a boutonnière, was very British. He is to be captain of England's team for the 1930 International and he is also to name that team. He spoke of his present choice as he came up the harbor. Major Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, Captain Tremayne, Captain C. T. I. Roark, and Lieutenant Humphrey Guinness form the team for the present.

It is, of course, no one's business here who plays for England. Nobody's business except for the very natural desire to see good polo and a close, hard-fought match. On second thought, it decidedly is the business of those who do not want to see the vivid, magnificent spectacle of International polo lapse into the inertia of the America's Cup yacht racing.

International polo has been for this aristocracy-loving democracy the symbol of dashing, Graustark life. It would be missed. Its bedrock is the series of matches with England started at Newport in 1886. A bad beating for the English side next year would do International polo a great deal of harm, perhaps kill it for some years to come.

The game as played today is a hard, almost a roughneck sport. England can put a pretty good team in the field if it is only picked along the same more or less hard-boiled lines of test matches and committees that we use. Yet it is not altogether selfish to hope that this will happen.

ON LONG ISLAND FIELDS: Colonel P. K. Wise telling photographers they ought to give him warning so he could change his shirt. . . . Colonel Wise taking a blow in the mouth from Hitchcock's mallet, and continuing play. . . . Jock Whitney's chauffeur chortling with glee as Jock scored goal after goal. . . . Earl Hopping's beautiful Spearmint mare. . . . Mrs. Hitchcock, *mère*, in her favorite spot, at the top of the stands at Fleischmann Field, watching carefully through field glasses. . . . The sheer beauty of the great animals Jock Whitney and Harold Talbott, Jr., are riding. —MARTINGALE

•

LIFE'S WHIRLIGIG

[*From the Burlington (Ill.) Hawkeye*]

Mrs. J. L. Vanosdell left Saturday at 11:30 a. m. for Nauvoo, was back at 12:40, then went to the Power City on the noon train and took in two shows.

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NEWS
Aug. 24, 25, 26: Greta Garbo in "Single Standard"; Aug. 27, 28: Corinne Griffith in "Divine Lady"; Aug. 29, 30: "Wonder of Women" with Lewis Stone; Aug. 31 Sept. 1, 2: "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" all-talking with Norma Shearer.
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Score Two for Hollywood

THAT the most rosebud moods, the most lily-like instances of renunciation, are to be found among the personnel of a burlesque troupe was eloquently set forth last year in the play "Burlesque." The thesis is now further stressed in the cinema version, at the Rivoli, called simply, modestly, with reticence—"The Dance of Life."

The movie, quite as much as the play, is effective enough to be convincing. There is enough reality in its humor and its sentiment to make dour characters, who have found life (if a dance at all) a jig out of tune, wish that fate had been good enough to throw them in the back row of the chorus, or that dear Daddy, instead of being a librarian and a vestryman, had been an eccentric dancer.

Hal Skelly, playing the part he had on the stage, has a more extended opportunity here for his talents. The picture is lavishly mounted, is longer than the average film, and even includes an act of the "Follies" in color. The big scene of the play—its second-act curtain, when Skelly jazzed the wedding-march music for the benefit of his ex-wife and his rival—is still effective, though somewhat submerged among so many high spots. Nancy Carroll, as the girl, is charming; too charming, really, for a comic's wife who does not herself attain signal success on the stage, but must devote her life to steering her talented husband out of speakeasies.

ALMOST as diverting as "The Dance of Life" is "The Hollywood Revue," at the Astor. This is the most extravagant and extensive musical comedy so far presented by the talking pictures, and is in itself a complete evening's entertainment. It is blessedly without plot; merely a long series of acts. The names of stars on the program look like a *Social Register* of Hollywood studio life. However, the celebrities appear for brief moments; regrettably brief in some cases, such as that of Marion Davies, who sings a little song about Tommy Atkins and then all too swiftly vanishes. Norma Shearer and John Gilbert do a parody

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not the ethiopian from my woodpile", said the clever cinema customer, "but substance lending color to that well founded rumor that new york's best entertainment is found at

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united artists

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the rialto

still enticing the pulsing public is "the mysterious dr. fu manchu" . . . paramount's chinese dish that never saw a chow mein parlor but came steaming hot from a hollywood kitchen.

the criterion

paramount's "four feathers" continue to be exhibited...not that these mark the extent of that great bird's plumage . . . just a decorative quartet still pleasing the public...we wish the same to you.

the paramount

lo, into that nest of paramount pictures has flown a cuckoo, "the sophomore" pathe's riotous cinema that's not at all foul. eddie quillan graces stage as well as screen, as does jesse crawford, organ poet.

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Thoughts of Youth

THE thoughts of youth are often only longings for lost enthusiasm. Today's pleasures can be almost as stirring as the old ones ever were if we are bodily fit.

But twentieth century success is an exacting master. Strength flags, waves of depression ensue, and gradual weariness of life supervenes. More than the salt has lost its savour.

These black clouds can be dispelled. Air, and country sunshine, and exercise, and freedom from worry will do much, but there are more than these at The Homestead. There are the fields and pools and courses—and the rejuvenating Springs. And nowhere else are nature and man, with his best equipment, so happily joined in keeping people "walking in the way of health."

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A stay here will open new vistas, and bring days when thoughts of youth will not be such "long, long thoughts." The present will be too much fun. A well illustrated booklet on request.

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The HOMESTEAD
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of the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." Marie Dressler is funny, except for the lines which she has to speak; a lack of talent perceptible throughout the revue gives her such jokes as the one about the Saturday bath. But what is lost through a heavy and often crass humor is somewhat atoned for by the speed of the whole production. It moves, at least.

The sound mechanism varies, the audience, as time goes on, becoming somewhat inured to the din. True music-lovers had best stick to their Stadium concerts.

THE week has not been wholly devoted to song and dance. "Fast Life," at the Central, is grim tragedy. It is also trash. This is about the young people of these days, and their secret marriages, and how they get to shooting and killing. There is a governor in it; and just at the last moment he learns that it is his son who committed the murder. The executive is spared the indignity of committing his heir to the electric chair, for with filial promptitude the young man takes his own life.

Chester Morris plays this harrowing rôle with amazing contortions and rollings of the eyes, excesses for which he may be excused, considering the preposterous quality of the rôle anyway. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is given a chance to express the emotions of a young man in the death house, and presents as tragic a spectacle as does any freshman about to be handed over to the sophomores in the hazing season. —J. C. M.

•

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You carry water to the lake
And ribbon to the hollyhocks,
You gently gather peace to take
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You proffer magpies piquant words
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You teach a song to dawning birds,
To woodland ferns, humility.

You fashion wings for larks that fly
And scatter tears to those who weep,
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To hum to those who are asleep.

You hold a candle to the sun,
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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, AUGUST 14

FOR a late holiday suggestion, we might as well cite our tardy summer reading of spring books. Among three such French volumes likely to excite the attention of American translators should be listed "Tour d'Egypte," by the Princess Bibesco, already beloved by American bookworms for her "Catherine-Paris" and "Le Perroquet Vert."

So far as the French are concerned, Egypt was discovered by Napoleon: as a result of his campaign, sarcophagi first settled in the Louvre, and the Sphinx entered the Empire drawing-room as a mantelpiece decoration. Princess Bibesco's discovery of the Delta, however, will have less far-reaching effects. Regarded as the most intelligent woman in France, in this book she unfortunately proves that she is. The volume is her too-logical Q. E. D. By the rectangle of its pages one deduces that the Princess, the desert, the Nile, and a certain amount of literary local color sat up all night together in the Princess' room (probably at Shepheard's Hotel) while the Princess measured off a certain number of right-angled witticisms and drew cerebral conclusions in which nothing, unhappily, was left to her imagination.

THE second of the three volumes I have referred to, and also by a great lady, is E. de Gramont's "Les Marronniers en Fleur." In the ages past, the de Gramonts, unlike the Mortemars and the de Polignacs, were noted for their wars rather than for their wits; de Gramont men won mere battles, while ladies of the other clans left *mots* that were often much more bloody. In Mme. de Gramont's latest book she seems to have taken on the duties of both sexes and both types of family. She makes war in the boudoir, and even thrusts her sword into tombs where scandal, along with the fair guilty bodies that caused it, might now be considered to deserve the privileges of decent dust. She has been much in the movements, political and social, of her epoch. She talks of the Russo-Japanese War, of Proust, of Degas, of Dr. Mardrus' famous translation of

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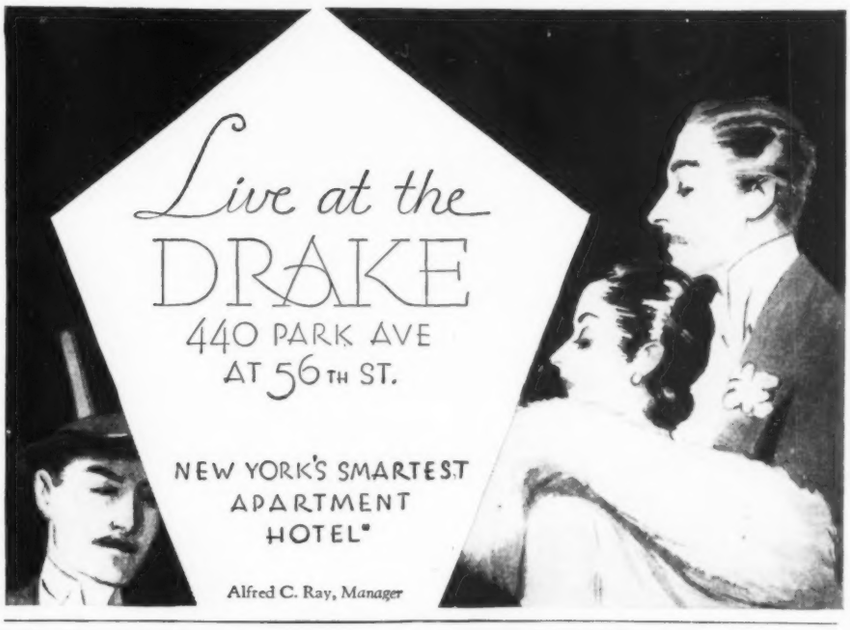

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"The Arabian Nights," of Marie de Chahannes and her Arabic archeology, of droves of British ambassadors, of all climes, of endless events—the catastrophes of crowns, the unearthing of temples, the collapse of fleets, the rise of new arts—all of which apparently had their beginning in a drawing-room to which, you may be sure, Mme. de Gramont was invited, and where the reader now uncomfortably listens and peeks at the keyhole.

Were the de Gramont memoirs written anonymously, or by an *arriviste*, their indiscretion would cause an uproar if not even a going-to-law. They are, however, written by a great lady in an age when great ladies sell their portraits to manufacturers of cold cream. Louis Bromfield was selected to prepare the preface for the American edition of "Au Temps des Equipages," the duchess' first volume of recollections. Henry James himself would be needed to write a preface for the second.

THE third important summer book is Jean Cocteau's "Les Enfants Terribles," a truly terrible and touching tale of immaturity ripe only in its disorder, its suicides, and its sadness. The book is a *roman à clef*, the brother and sister who serve for its plot being as well-known in certain circles in Paris as they are easily identified.

Cocteau has always been a writer in the tradition of the great medieval mountebanks who worked with the charlatans of the Pont Neuf: as tight-rope walker he gathers his crowd, and as soothsayer-dentist he pulls teeth and illusions, he dazzles and delights, and sells moon-powder guaranteed to cure any human ill—and truly cheap at the price. In his latest book, perhaps more than in any since "Thomas l'Imposteur," he is less interested in prestidigitation than in persons; he is more human and humane. Youth—a subject utterly unknown, despite its having been successfully endured by all mortals who live to tell the tale—gave him a strange land for "Les Enfants Terribles" perfectly to his own liking, a horizon on which anything may happen (and in his book usually does), a little desert of subtle suffering dotted with stiff events and cactus-like descriptions.

Certain copies of the limited edition of this work can still be obtained by bibliophiles who wish to mix pleasure and pride in possession of the latest perfect prank by *l'enfant terrible* of modern French printing. —GENÊT

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RECENT BOOKS

For Adults Only

BOOKS, this week, are facing the facts of life; looking sex straight in the eye and calling it by its right name. If you aren't interested in the facts of life—which are surely stronger than fiction—skip down a couple of paragraphs to the review of the new mystery story by Frances Noyes Hart.

HOWEVER, as long as the new books are as they are, let us consider first "Love Story," which is Thelma Woodhill's contribution to American morals. It is, in many ways, an exceptionally good novel. For one thing, its background of a small California town in the Klondike nineties is interesting and different. For another thing, Miss Woodhill has a talent for merciless characterization, and a fine sense of drama. Her important gift to literature, though, is a repulsive picture of a praying-mantis mother who devours her husband and her daughter in the name of family affection.

The moral of the book is: Spare the blushes and spoil the child. When Mrs. Martha Barnet finds that her husband is a hopeless second-rater, she concentrates all her cruel love and her executive ability on her professionally pure daughter. Miss Woodhill's description of the capture of a millionaire gorilla and of the frantic squirmings of the hapless girl to escape marriage is a good piece of indignant writing. In spite of the placid small-town setting and its Booth Tarkington atmosphere, Miss Woodhill invests her dark story with some of the horror of one of Thomas Burke's Limehouse tales.

Sometimes Miss Woodhill grows too much agitated over whether or not a Mother Should Tell. The trace of propaganda that runs all through the story undermines some of its value as a novel. At times, too, there is a touch of the funny-paper$ about the managing mamma—just a slight shadow of the rolling-pin. Still, "Love Story" is what its publishers may point to as a powerful and vigorous problem novel.

"EX-WIFE" is one of those books that are causing talk. It is anonymous, which means that everyone

The other boys around the flying field tore out their permanent waves when Jimmy, the ace, invited the beautiful Molly Marshmallow to go a-zooming—
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seems to know who wrote it. Personally, I am one of those people who turn on the radio when anyone sits down and begins to tell why his or her marriage failed. I am shy and mistrustful of true confessions. The author's story of her infidelities is undoubtedly an honest account of the life of a girl in a great city. Ladies who are financially and morally independent are entitled to gather the rosebuds while they may. But should they boast?

The in-one-bed-and-out-another narrative of "Ex-Wife" is confusing and a little tiresome. Its foot-loose adventures will probably spread discontent in kitchenettes; but they are nothing to occupy permanent shelf-room in a library.

NOW for the task of reviewing "American Colony," by Charles Brackett. Mr. Brackett has written a coldly shocking sketch of a day in the lives of a group of derelict Americans enjoying their freedom on the Riviera. Everything happens; and to condense such a wide range of vices into a period of less than twenty-four hours takes some little literary ingenuity.

The book is the hardest and most cruel picture of Americans living in Europe ever spread before the eyes of the folks at home. You might say that Mr. Brackett went out of his way, although he can probably produce affidavits to vouch for all the occurrences, but when you get through, you feel as though you'd been on a thoroughly unpleasant party and hope to Heaven you never see or hear of any of the people again. This, perhaps, is what Mr. Brackett wanted you to feel.

TO return to nice pure fun: "Hide in the Dark" is too good a book merely to be listed snippily under mysteries. Frances Noyes Hart has the most engaging and flirtatious way of dishing up her murders. The scene of her present crime is an old haunted house down in Virginny. It is All-Hallow Eve, and a group of ladies and gentlemen are up to their pranks when the life of the party is found dead—stabbed right through the jugular vein. Mrs. Hart is a shrewd story-teller; she always murders the right people. And her dialogue is so

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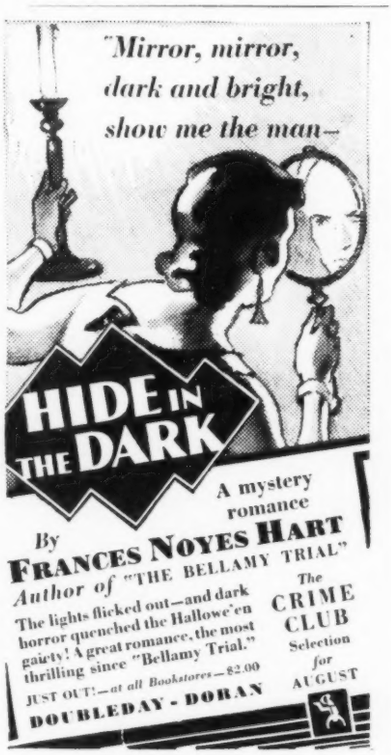
"Mirror, mirror, dark and bright, show me the man—
HIDE IN THE DARK
A mystery romance
By FRANCES NOYES HART
Author of "THE BELLAMY TRIAL"
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gay and her sense of romance so genuine that you wonder how such a charming writer happens to have such bloodthirsty thoughts. Anyway, here's an adorable murder for those who are a bit finicky about their crimes.

I SUSPECT that these novels of life in narrow-minded villages, where dour elders blight the souls of young folks, are chiefly enjoyed by urbanites who rejoice because none of their neighbors cares whether they go to church on Sunday or not. "The Young May Moon," by Martha Ostenso, sounds to me not so much like a complete picture of a real village as like an ogre of a town meant to flatter city-dwellers. Or perhaps Miss Ostenso is simply repeating the general pattern of "Wild Geese," and has decided to keep right on being grim. The heroine of "The Young May Moon" suffers needlessly and dully from the intolerance of a village and from her own pig-headedness. The woman, in fact, is dull in her tragedy and not much brighter when romance rouses her from her inhibitions. In short, this isn't much of a novel, but it's clean—and that's beginning to make a book conspicuous.

"A BOOK OF OTHER WINES THAN FRENCH" is another aristocratic sneer at prohibition. Things like this are only published to shame and infuriate us. P. Morton Shand has made a study of the most ancient and honorable industry in Europe which stands as a terrible reproach to our newest and most dishonest industry. It is a scholarly book, written with great charm and some snobbishness. It is all right, for instance, for these wine amateurs to turn up their noses at fortified or sparkling brands, but this business of running down the cocktail as an American upstart is getting to be an affectation. Nobody goes around abusing Camembert cheese because it isn't as mild as Gruyère.

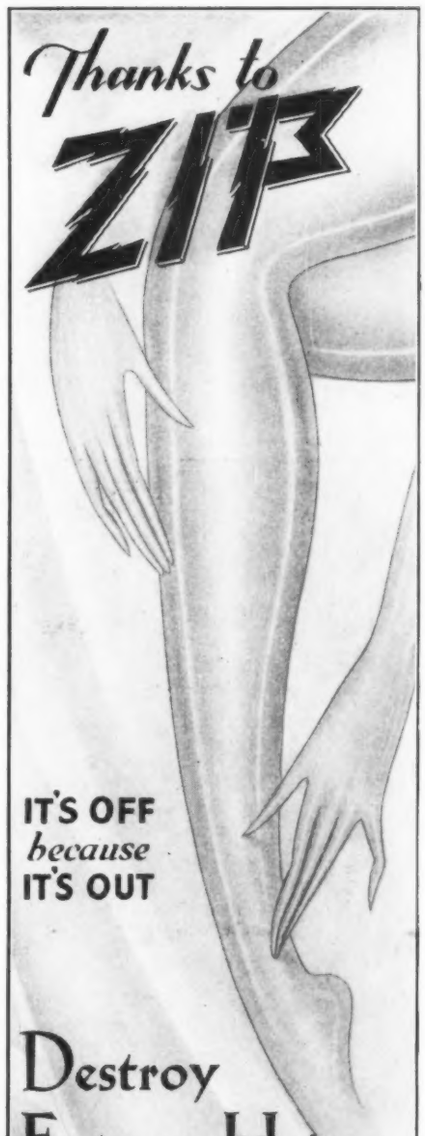
However, for all its slight priggishness, "Other Wines Than French" is mellow reading, particularly for those who long to escape from the facts of life, and who toy with the idea of some day building a wine-cellar.—A. W. S.

•

A LOV NST?

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

She made for them wherever they were, homes wher, as sh puts it, "popl who lov ach othr can spnd thir lisur hours happily togthr."



Destroy Future Hair = = Today!

Of course you can! ... If you use *ZIP* ... I'd like to show you by giving you a demonstration with my compliments ... Or possibly you would like me to eliminate the hair from your face, arms, legs, underarms, or back of neck ... My charges are really *very* reasonable.

Certainly you must know that *ZIP* is the only product which actually *destroys* the growth.

***Note:* Authorized genuine *ZIP* treatments given in New York *only* at my Fifth Avenue Salon. I am not responsible for results obtained in other New York establishments where substitutes are used. Beware of imitations.**

Madame Berthé
Specialist
562 FIFTH AV., N.Y. (*Ent. on 46 St.*)
'Phone BRYANT 3627

If Hair on Arms or Legs Worries You

Remove Now Without Fostering Coarsened Re-growth

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms—hair-free as a child's.

Even by running one's hand across the skin absolutely no sharpened hair growth can be felt this new way.

A new discovery that not only removes hair instantly but delays its reappearance remarkably.

A NEW way of removing hair from arms and legs has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are complaining of. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of sharpened hair growth can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the sharpened re-growth women are complaining of. You can feel the difference. No sharpened hair growth. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

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Every vestige of hair is gone—and reappearance of that hair delayed remarkably.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

GAY in modern brilliancy of color with a luxury of appointment rare in any motor boat, the Dodge 20-footer has donned its sporting togs—smart and new—but beneath it all, the same fundamental Dodge excellence ⁘ ⁘ ⁘ Soundness, dependability, value—these qualities are rooted deep in the Dodge tradition ⁘ ⁘ ⁘ The Sport Model, powered with a speedy six-cylinder motor and completely equipped, $2,100 ⁘ ⁘ ⁘ Other models in stock, from twenty feet up, open or closed, speeds 20 to 60 miles, prices start at $1,675.

DODGE BOATS

HORACE E. DODGE BOAT WORKS, INC., SALES OFFICES AND SALON, 3 EAST 52nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

The incomparable in radio

RCA RADIOLA 66 *Super-Heterodyne*

A still finer model of this famous instrument—and at a price that takes it out of the luxury class.

IF you have denied yourself the satisfaction of owning a Radiola Super-Heterodyne because of its cost, you now have the opportunity of buying a new and finer model of this famous instrument at the cost of an ordinary cabinet radio set.

RCA engineers have again added to the incomparable qualities of the Super-Heterodyne—finer sensitivity, more selectivity, a greater reserve of power for distant stations—and the cost of manufacture has again been reduced.

The latest type of the RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer is coupled with the new Super-Heterodyne—a combination that offers the utmost in radio realism—from a whisper to a brass band.

RADIOLA DIVISION
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NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO

RCA RADIOLA

RCA RADIOLA 66—*RCA Super-Heterodyne with RCA Electro-Dynamic speaker in rich cabinet. For house current (A.C.) operation. Magnifying station reader. Local-and-distance switch.* $225 (*less Radiotrons*)

Buy with confidence Radiola Dealer RCA *where you see this sign*

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